Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Such have been the demands upon our time the few past weeks, attending the races at Baltimore and Camden, and this week at Trenton, that our correspondence has necessarily been neglected. We can do little more than acknowledge many of our letters in this corner.

"B." of Nashville has been received. Too full for him this week.

W. of Quebec is before us,—his last, we mean,—a "little affair" of a previous date, alluded to by him, has not yet reached us.

To a correspondent in the "equilatoral city" we can only express our deepest regret that we cannot comply with his wishes implicitly. Our reasons are too numerous to be here "set down."

To "dear P. of Paris" many thanks are due for his favor, and for his remembrance. We never see *her*, but to chat of him. Health and happiness to thee and thine, dear P.!

The Secretary's report of the Maysville Races did not reach us till one previously received had gone to the printers. But we are still obliged for the favor.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, 1839.

LATEST FROM ABROAD.

We received early on Friday morning, a few newspapers by the packet-ship "Orpheus," Capt. Bailey. The latest dates brought by her are to the 7th of May, from London, and 8th, from Liverpool. The Orpheus was blown off the coast, after being boarded, and we have not, therefore, received our complete files. The packet of the 1st May, is not in, and she has the May magazines on board. A comfortable state of things for us knights of the scissors!

The political news from Europe is too dull to be repeated. No ministry yet in France, and no change of ministry in England. An important meeting has come off at Newmarket, since our previous, but the returns are all on board the packet not yet in. We quote the odds at Tattersall's, on Monday the 6th of May,—on which day the race for the Chester Cup was run; the result we have not received, but the betting in London on the day of the race was 4 to 1 against *Caravan*, and he alone named.

The *Hereditary Grand Duke* of Russia has arrived in England, and is entertained in the most princely style. At a party given in his honor by the Countess Charles Pozzo Di Borgo, we observe the name of our minister and his lady, among the numerous and distinguished guests.

The Marquis of Westminster has been offered 3500 guineas for *Touchstone*, by a Mr. Brown, an American gentleman. The offer has been refused. They are beginning to get shy in disposing of their choice "cattle" in England. Give us but three more of their horses, and we can beat them in fine stallions out and out.

We count now with certainty, when we set about writing of foreign news, upon being compelled to eat our words before the next five minutes. This week is no exception to the rule; the "Burgundy" is just in from Havre, and brings dates one day later from London. The British Ministry resigned on the 7th of May, though it was not announced till the evening of that day. The immediate cause of their resignation, was the vote on the evening of the 6th, upon West India affairs, when their majority was reduced to five,—almost too small, Lord John Russell thought, to proceed with the government. Of course, we cannot hear till next week, into whose hands the government will fall.—Still no ministry in France,—that is, no responsible one.

Postscript!

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN!

Saturday Morning, 5 O'clock.

Having eaten our words once, we now proceed to do so a second time. The steam ship *Great Western* is in, having sailed the 18th from Bristol, and brought English papers to the evening of the 17th. The Ministry is re-instated, Sir Robert Peel being unable to form a Cabinet, as he required the dismissal of the Ladies of the Queen's Household, to which her Majesty, with much spirit, refused her assent.

Louis Philippe has found a Ministry at last, and without the aid of Thiers. Marshal Soult is at the head of it, and Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

Bloomsbury has won the Derby, with 30 to 1 against him. He is the property of Mr. W. Ridsdale, and by Mulatto, out of St. Giles's dam. Fulwar Craven's *Deception* was second, none others placed. Twenty-one horses started, and the value of the stakes is £3550. The favorites made a poor show. The Betting was 9 to 2 against *Sleight of Hand*, 6 to 1 against *Euclid*, 7 to 1 against *Cæsar*, 8 to 1 against Clarion, 12 to 1 against Deception, and so on, but 30 to 1 against the winner.

Mr. Craven, the owner of Deception, has objected to the stakes being paid over to Mr. Ridsdale, on the ground that Bloomsbury is by Tramp or Mulatto, as stated in the Stud Book, and not by Mulatto alone.

Cardinal Puff won the Chester Trades Cup, with 20 to 1 against him, beating Cowboy and Zillah, who were placed, Caravan, Harkaway, and 12 others. Before the start, the betting was 6 to 1 against Caravan, and 7 to 1 against Harkaway.

The next day Harkaway won the "Late Stand Cup," with 5 to 4 against him. Ferguson, his owner, has got into another scrape, by not starting his horse for the Stand Cup the next day. His Jockey weighed and declared he was to start—the horse was brought out and backed freely, but upon the ringing of the bell he was *non est*.

Deception was the first favorite for the Oaks, which was ran the 17th—only 11 to 10 against her. Twelve were expected to go. Though we have seen a paper of the 18th at last, yet we cannot find the result of the Oaks.

Wallack has got home, and also John Van Buren. Not a word more this week.

THE "TURF REGISTER."

The 5th and 6th Nos. of this magazine (for May and June) are published this day. The reader will find therein two capital papers, not exactly in the horse line; one is a very spirited sketch of a sporting excursion from this very Island of Manhattan, entitled "A Week in the Woodlands, or Scenes on the Road, in the Field, and round the Fire," by Frank Forester.

We do not intend to give up the author till we have used up all his brains in the service of the Register, lest some of the literary magazines endeavor to seduce him from us. The other paper is upon "Deer Stalking," by Scrope, and a most delightful paper it is, and illustrated with a fine steel engraving. The reader will also find No. 2 of "Piscator's" great article upon "Salmon Fishing." The turfman will find a great variety of articles to suit his taste in these two numbers,—two upon training, of great practical use.

We have spoken of but one of the engravings, but there is another, on Fly Fishing, well worthy attention. The reader is referred to the table of contents, in another column, or to the work itself, (this last is the most efficacious mode of proceeding,) for further particulars. We will only detain him by telling him what is to be done for the next, or July number of the work, which at last has come to be issued regularly, as it should be, on the 1st of each month.

No. 7 will be embellished by the most expensive engraving which has yet appeared in the magazine. It is a picture of Don John, the winner of last year's St. Leger. It is upon steel, by Prud'homme, and beautiful indeed will the reader pronounce it. In the July No., too, will the English Racing Calendar be commenced, which will be given in full from the English magazines, in the same manner with the American Racing Calendar—that is, "paged" distinct from the body of the work, and placed at the end, so that it may be separated upon its conclusion, and bound up separately, with an index. It will not be completed before next April, or May, probably.

We do not purpose asking our readers to subscribe for the Register, but are determined that it shall be their own fault if they do not, and, therefore, have gone into this long detail.

THE LONDON STAGE TWENTY YEARS AGO. No. 4.

MRS. SIDDONS.

[Written for the New York Spirit of the Times.]

What can I say of the great Queen of Tragedy? So much has been written by those who are a million times more capable than my humble self, that I am at a loss how to begin! *Cependant il faut essayer!* Beautiful in feature, symmetrical in form, graceful in action, towering in eloquence, musical in voice, sternly intense, and supernaturally thrilling, she held her audience with an iron grasp, the Circe of surrounding thousands, who sighed, or sobbed, or shrieked—subservient to her sceptral mandate.

The Troi-mated Isabella has no one *now* to drench her listeners with streaming sympathy—Belvidera struggles betwixt connubial and filial affection, scarcely eliciting a tear—Constance tells Austria to "hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs," in tones unwithering—Elvira's daring spirit loses its effect—Katharine defies Wolsey and the King almost unheeded, and Lady Macbeth is a mere *cue-giver* to the guilty Thane. All is past! O'Neill and Fanny Kemble were but shadows of the fiery substance, faint gleams shot from the dazzling centre, recognised *only* when the darkness of retirement had obscured the great and glorious orb. I saw her in the height of her career—in the zenith of her excellence—in the prime and pride of womanly beauty, and in the plenitude of her unrivalled powers.

On the stage she resembled John Kemble, in a room she was more like her brother Charles. When Fanny tried to be intense, it was evident that she had taken a lesson from her aunt, but I can safely assert that her aunt never taught her to *half-Italianize* the pronunciation of the letter *a*, which to my great annoyance she invariably did, in the words *nature*, *matron*, &c. &c. Still, Fanny is a clever creature, and one small corner of her soul is very Siddonian. She little thinks, whilst quietly ensconced at the Astor House, scolding one of her dear babes, and petting the other, that in the next room sleeps a strange *old fellow*, who was present at her *debut* in Juliet, when "*on that occasion*" her mother *returned* to the stage, and played *Lady Capulet*, for the sole purpose of presenting her child to the public; who witnessed her success in Belvidera, her excellent personation of Mrs. Haller, her arch vivacity in Beatrice, supported by the *only* Benedick, and who contemplated her master-piece—*Julia*, in "The Hunchback," eighteen successive nights. The way she wound up Sheridan Knowles in the last act, and shook the actor out of him, was, as the Yankees say, a caution. He did not recognise his own offspring;—she took the bit in her mouth and galloped along the course, exclaiming,

"Do it, nor leave the task to me."

Poor Knowles was distanced—he stood aghast, wonder-struck, and if it had not been for the five minutes applause which showered upon the accomplished girl, he would have been carried off by some of the attendants. Many persons were very angry with Fanny for playing Lady Macbeth; Miss O'Neill, decidedly her superior, never attempted it; not, perhaps, from a doubt of her powers, but rather from a desire to leave that character an untouched and imperishable monument to the greatest actress the world ever knew. It was the last character Mrs. Siddons performed—truly a noble cenotaph to histrionic renown.

Mrs. Siddons was decidedly a greater *artiste* than either Kean or John Kemble. An actor has a great advantage over an actress; he can exhibit more redundancy of elocution, can strain his voice even to harshness, and has, besides, the occasional embodiment of some proud and martial spirit, which always wins favor; then the trappings—the golden helmet—steel buckler, and shining Damascus! An actress depends *alone* upon the elegance of her bearing, the truth of her conception, the purity and energy of her reading, the clearness of her enunciation, and the strictly true and vivid portrayal of every passion and emotion intended by the author. Her region is the human heart—she must reign there, or be unappreciated—

"Aut Cæsar, aut nullus."

Mrs. Siddons was "*the Cæsar*"—in no one of her characters was there the slightest falling off. Her acquirements were of the first order, and her classical attainments so perfect, that she was frequently sent for by the Royal family, to read to them Milton's "Paradise Lost," by the way, no trifling task.

Before noticing her final performance, I will say a few words touching those characters which, with *her*, were favorites. With play-goers, all her representations were triumphs; the question was *not* "What does Siddons play this evening?" but, "*Does* she play?" I fancy she gloried much in *Queen Katharine*—the Trial scene, and her dying hour, were never so vividly embodied; the immense contrast betwixt the unhappy victim of malignity, when, with upreared brow, extended arm, and fire-darting eye, she hurled forth—

"Lord Cardinal, to you I speak,"

and the prostrate power, the galled spirit, the fading essence, and the bursting heart of one who looked but to Heaven for peace, was so magnificent a display of perfection, that the remembrance of it can never pass away.

Her *Belvidera* was exquisite, the dialogue with *Jaffier*, in the first act, and the exposure of *Renault*, were great specimens of masterly elocution. In *Mrs. Beverley* she laid aside all stage pomp, and was the dear, devoted, forgiving wife, concealing her husband's errors beneath the expanding wings of her affection.

She often played *Euphrasia*, in the "Grecian Daughter," but as the tragedy is as unnatural as it is disagreeable, I will pass it over without remark.

Mrs. Siddons was never more *sans géne* than when her brothers were on the boards with her; they all declaimed in the same key, which completed the harmony of the scene. The prompter might with safety have gone to sleep—and so piqued was John Kemble upon the tenacity of his memory, that he severely rebuked him for *giving the word* during one of his significant and effective pauses. "Mr. Kemble requires no prompter," remarked the indignant *Rolla* of the night, as he left the stage. But on a subsequent occasion, after dining with Sheridan (and everybody knows in what dining with Sheridan resulted), he was a *leetle* at fault in King Lear; in vain he looked to the wings for aid—the prompter pretended to be asleep, and when Kemble whispered to him for "the word," he nodded, as if dreaming, and groaned forth, "Kemble—no—prompter." The joke was well taken, and the perpetrator rewarded by a friendly shake of the hand, and, "Now we're even, Glassington."

The hour of separation *will* come; we cannot put it off—nor talk it off—nor write it off. Rapidly, too rapidly, approached the evening when the veil of private life was to fall o'er the Tragic Muse; it was spoken of as the coming dissolution of some dear friend, or relative, whose feelings and sympathies were intertwined with our own. There is something chillingly sad in a last word, a last look, a last line,—it sounds as mournfully as a last breath; there is a menace in the word—a warning—an intimation of terrene insignificance, that tears up pride and arrogance by the roots, that strikes every chord of human consciousness, galvanises every muscle, fibre, and membrane—engrafts terror, nay, humility, and makes us feel, *at once*, that we are—nothing! Macbeth was announced as the funeral dirge!

Of all the immortal bard's creations, I hold this to be the most sublime and unearthly; it is Shakspeare's high mass—the Catholicism of the Drama; there is the blood, the supper, the spiritual resuscitation! And unforgotten is the wild and thrilling chaunt of the weird beings of the glen—the deep tones of the air-borne Hecate, when emerging from the tenebrious confines of the magic region. Once witnessed, it becomes "part and parcel" of the brain!

It is needless to say that every seat in the boxes was engaged two or three weeks in advance. Money was refused at the doors, but so determined were hundreds to be within the walls of the theatre, that they insisted on paying for the tickets and taking their chance; the consequence was, that the lobbies, saloons, and even the steps leading from one tier to the other, were impassably crowded. They were as deeply involved in the play as if they had been in the front row of the pit—they followed every speech by the length and vehemence of the applause that attended it, and when the sleep-walking scene was enacting, they lost all restraint, acknowledged no bounds, burst open the box-doors, resolved to *hear* the voice of their idol once more. This last achievement, fresh and vigorous as ever, was honored with the absurdity of an *encore*, which, happily, was not complied with. The fifth act was not allowed to be performed; cries of "That will do"—"Drop the scene"—"We don't want any more," burst from the pit and boxes; the *gods* above, who are generally more familiar on these occasions, vociferated "Cut it short!" and a witty sailor, who was determined to have *his say*, desired them to "Set the mainsail," meaning, of course, the immense green curtain.

L.

A MATCH AT SHINTY IN ENGLAND.

Christmas day in England, is always a merry time, and there is much of interest, and gratification to the stranger, in the hearty, generous, good old customs, then universally practised.

I do not intend giving a detail of the whole proceedings, then and there brought forward; I am already egotistical enough, I fear, or else, perhaps I should speak pleasantly on the frolics and feasting—dilate on the relish of groaning tables—happy merry-makings—old fashioned pastimes, and the mysterious influence and effects of mistletoe. At any rate, we'll avoid this for the present, or I might reveal more than would become my hitherto characteristic gallantry, and tell tales which the ladies dislike to see made light of. Well, I happened to spend this day, of all days, on its last visit, some half dozen miles from London. We had enjoyed our breakfast—tapped the new ale—tasted the Christmas vintage of Elderberry, and looked over the well arranged villa of our generous entertainer, when it was proposed, to walk a short distance, to a friend's, and witness a match at *Shinty*. The day was bright and clear—a spicy frost sharpened us up, giving fresh vigour and life to our flagging spirits, after somewhat prolonged festivities on the night previous. We soon arrived at the scene of action, and on being observed in the distance, by the Squire, a signal of recognition was raised, and as we approached, the bagpipes played with much spirit, "The Campbell's are coming, oh ho, oh ho!"

"Cock a leerie cairngorum hooch," said our friend, in his best Gaelic, as he shook us heartily by the hand. "Gara macorna jacko-cracko felto de cocolorum," replied our nainsel in equally pure classical; all of which, when interpreted, means: "Welcome, but why the devil are you so late?" to which our answer was, "A merry Christmas to you, and don't mention it."

We immediately visited a very comfortable thatched house, for the purpose of "*tasting*," as he called it, and which all Caledons consider a necessary ceremony, previous to any important duty. Here was ensconced the piper, an old man of three score, and blind of at least one eye, if not both. He was dressed in the national garb, and a good representation of what a Heeland Piper should be. We tasted the Glenstroma whiskey, which was the finest, I think I ever drank, and had neither seen the temperance test, nor the exciseman. Saunders McTavish struck up Tulliogorum, with such warmth and spirit, that I could barely keep from snapping my fingers, and dancing the Highland fling, with all the grace of a French dancing-master—but we must leave the cold-joints, oaten-cakes, and creature comforts for our proper duties.

I take it for granted, everybody knows the game of Shinty—it is much practised in Scotland, and is indeed one of their national amusements. It is an inferior species of "Golf," and neither requires the same science nor dexterity. The main, and indeed, sole principal, is to drive a ball from one point to another, which is contested by an opposing party of equal numbers—if it is driven back to the starting point, those so doing have won, but if the other succeed in reaching the other end, or "hailing," as it is termed, then the party who gave the first stroke, are the victors. An ash club, of some four feet in length, is used, the further end bent, but it should not be too much of the hook, which is a common error, as in that case the tip is rendered useless. The boys in Scotland, use a stick from the thorn or whin, with a cleek similar to a walking cane.

The arena of the present contest, was two fields, sloping down about four hundred yards, and opening into one another, by a gap, or outlet, through which the ball had to pass. An intimation of the sport, had been sent by the gentleman, to his neighbouring friends, who accompanied by sufficient numbers of

their labouring men, and others, raised a field of full fifty strong. To all of these there was open house, and plenty of good cheer. Almost all were Scotchmen, and many dressed in their kilts, which, by the way, is a very convenient garb for such athletic exercises. The clubs had been supplied by the Highland Society, and many of those present I believe were members.

Recollect, said the premier to me, as I doffed my extra coats, "recollect you are *blue*," and I instantly thought of the Glenstroma, and demanded explanation. "Oh, said he, we are all *whites* and *blues*—you belong to the latter." So I bowed submission and shouldered my club.

"Goromachan attendarum jigmaleerie," shouted the *headsman*, as he gave orders for all parties to take their stations. The ball was placed on a little hillock, and with eager eye, each party watched the strike—whack—and he sent it forward a distance of some fifty yards, every body following it as if the devil himself was at their heels—whack, whack—crack, crack—pell mell, went each side, as the unfortunate *clerr* was driven backwards and forwards. I had myself so far looked on, but now rushed to the onset, and either by good luck, or a good hit, sent the ball in a hole at some distance. My immediate competitor seized it in his hands, and crying out *high or low*, the former was chosen—it was thrown slightly in the air, and we both struck at it while up, without success. We had however, supporters enough when it fell, and by dint of scraping and scratching, *our* side rather got the better of our opponents.

I had left it to others, who had nearly ended the matter in our favour, when back it came, almost at my feet. I happened to be on the wrong side, and quite unsupported by our friends, so I made a feint of striking it *up*, with the opposition, and the *whites* looked on well pleased—but instantly changing my club's direction, struck it *down* the brae, with excellent force. Of course it was the work of a moment, but so soon as done, it raised the dander of some of my Gaelic opponents. "Pourlamahon scatteralis gach ma clee," spluttered one in a violent passion. "Dom it, phat the deevil did she de that for," screamed a second, and "shin'em," "shin'em," "shin'em," cried the chorus, all being against me. In the interior, the game had proceeded with vigour, and by the time I had blarnied these cronies into good humour, shook hands, and become warm friends—we, the *blues*, had nearly lost the honor. I again joined in, and just as I got up, one stroke would have settled the game against us—that one stroke was about being given, when a big broad-shouldered Heelanter, rushed slap upon the *white*, when the club was in the act, and fairly capsized him, heels over head, at the same instant sending the ball in the other direction. Here was another palaver, which I left others to settle. I saw a good chance to hit, and was driving down hill with outstretched club, at a locomotive rate—I knocked and missed My impetus was too great to stop, and over I tumbled with a *thud*, which made the valleys and mountains ring—in *my* ears. My dress was not exactly the thing for such a concussion—my unmentionables gave way, and—spare my blushes—I had to tie a handkerchief around me, and envied the tartan petticoats of the northerners.

By the way, if ever *you* attend a Shinty match in frosty weather, be sure and leave the *breeks* behind, or else use them as big as a Turkish full-dress or those which of old must have been worn by the Amazonian fair-sex. Before I had settled these affairs, the cry of "hail, hail," was heard in the distance—three cheers followed, and victorious laurels crowned the *Blues*. I was too much "*hors de combat*," to join in the succeeding matches, which went off with similar spirit and continued enthusiasm.

The game is altogether too violent, and not to be compared to *Golf*—"too fast and furious," as the old song says, and withal liable to severe accidents. I saw one chap get a crack on his shins, which I did not covet, and such are quite common. I think a shipment of those *wee* bank bills, so current with you two years ago, would be a good spec, for such occasions, and as they are doubtless cheap now, the hint may be of value to some spirited down-easter.

I have seen boys, however, playing the game barefooted, with as little caution as if thrice shod for the occasion. On the ice it answers very well, but a slight fall of snow is necessary to roughen the *ground*, otherwise the ball goes too far when slightly touched.

My story is a little too long already, and some other time I may recur to other games of this nature. So adieu for the present. Yours truly,

London, 1839. Jacob Twigg.

[For the New York Spirit of the Times.]

SCENE FROM FLORINDA, OR THE FALL OF SPAIN.

AN ORIGINAL AND UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

Act 1—Scene 2.—*Florinda's Apartment—Through an open window the towers of Toledo by moonlight—Upon a sliding panel D. F. the full length portrait of a warrior of the seventh century.*

Florinda. (*discovered*).

The night wears on. The moon hath climbed the sky
Behind the vast cathedral, where it pours
O'er Gothic arch and spiry pinnacle
Its virgin splendor. In a death-like sleep
The royal city lies. The wind alone
That rises with the moon, sighs heavily
Along deserted streets. To my lone heart
The quiet night affords no soft repose.
Oh! memory! memory! thou art grown a torture!
A few brief days and what a change has come
Upon the spirit of life's troubled dream!
Betrayed—dishonored—oh! how shall I meet
My father's searching glance? In happier times
Oh! how impatiently I heard the tread
Of his returning war horse! How I've rushed
The first to bid him welcome, and to clasp
His iron form to mine! With what delight,
Soon as the first delirious joy was past,
Have I surveyed his features, and beheld
Their calm serenity, as round his brow
Those reverend locks streamed like a silver halo
Age, toil, and war have never bowed his head—
Dishonor will. Oh! that the earth would yawn,
And kindly whelm me in a living grave!

During the last lines King Roderick has entered by the sliding panel.

Rod. Florinda! sweet Florinda! (*attempts to embrace her.*)

Flor. Forbear! I am not thine.
How durst thou enter? Is it a delight
To gaze upon the ruin thou hast made?

Rod. Loveliest of women! Like yon regal orb
Thou'rt bright in all thy phases. Anger lends
A radiance to thy charms, and sorrow gives
A softness to thy beauty. Sweet Florinda,
I kneel in homage. Thou art sovereign here.
The king hath left his sceptre at thy threshold;
Receive him only as a Gothic knight.

Flor. A knight no longer—for thou hast been false
To knighthood's sacred vows. Didst thou not swear,
Even at the altar's foot, to guard from wrong
The unprotected—to defend the maid
Against the ruthless spoiler? On that pledge
Thou didst receive thy spurs, thy belted brand.
Thou art a perjured and a faithless knight.

Rod. Then hear me as thy king.

Flor. A faithless king!
Didst thou not promise, standing on thy throne,
Swear by thy knightly brand to guard mine honor.
Yet like a felon, in the dead of night,
Thy footsteps brought thee hither, and a path
Known to thyself alone betrayed my honor.
I prayed in vain, for thou art merciless.

Rod. Thou shalt be happy yet. Thou lovest me not?

Flor. Love thee! the very question is a wrong.

Rod. Thou wilt betray me!

Flor. Never! I have sworn
To shield thy name from endless infamy,
Though I should perish by my father's hand.
Thou art my people's king, and for their sake
Thy crime shall be concealed. Too well I know
Were such a treachery as thine declared,
All Spain would rise in arms, and every voice
Would cry for vengeance on the ruthless tyrant.

Rod. Rail on unchecked! Thou hast too dearly purchased
Thy sex's privilege. So! art thou mute!
Then hear me, fair Florinda. Well thou know'st
My power is great—immeasurable—vast.
I'll prove that Roderick is not ungenerous,
Ask what thou wilt, and I will give it thee.

Flor. What! canst thou give me back my peace of heart?
Restore my purity? Why art thou here
At midnight hour? This is the sacred chamber
Bequeathed to me by my expiring mother.
Here did she breathe her latest breath, 'tis full
Of memories of her love. Here 'twas she blessed me
When first her kisses welcomed me to life,
And here with feeble hands and faltering voice
She gave her dying blessing! 'Twas the shrine
Of maiden honor, sacred from the foot
Of man. And here my dreams were all of heaven,
Or if at times, Fernando's image came,
My love was pure as his. How will he brook
The tale of my dishonor. He is lost
Forever, aye, forever!

Rod. Say not so.
I live to serve but thee, and I will prove it,
For thy sweet sake, I'll crown a rival's bliss.
I've written to thy father, and advised,
Commanded him to give thee to Count Leon;
Myself will see the nuptial hour is graced
With more than regal splendor, such as yet
Ne'er dignified the revels of a court;
For meet it is that all my realm should know
Spain's loveliest lady weds her bravest knight.

Flor. Ignoble king! degraded and abhorred!
Where be the fires of heaven that they blaze not,
Or earth's convulsions that they let thee stand,
Urging a crime at which my soul revolts.
Ah! now I feel that though a wretched thing,
Polluted and betrayed, from whom the world
Will shrink instinctive, who may never more
Look for a happy hour, or tranquil dream,
That all is not yet lost. My shuddering soul
Shrinks from thy hateful proposition,
And scorns thy guilty project as thyself.
Yet, yet I tremble for thee, for the hour
Of retribution cometh; o'er my mind
Dark shadows fall, presaging wrath to come,
And I am gifted with prophetic vision.
Oh! never yet did wrong to helpless maid
Sleep unavenged. Though, in thy towering pride,
Begirt with loyal hearts, and hardy arms,
Thy throne appears established on its base,
Firm as a mountain-peak, improve the hour,
For it shall crumble 'neath thy guilty weight,
And ghastly ruin topple on thy head.

Rod. Why! thou art eloquent, and I admire
That quality in woman. Time will show
The folly of thy prophecy.

Count Julian. (*without.*) What ho! Florinda!

Rod. Death and despair!

Flor. Thou hast no time to fly,
He holds a key that gives him entrance here.
Thy mask! Conceal thy face! (*Don Roderick masks.*)

Enter Count Julian.

Count J. Florinda! To thy father's heart. (*sees Don Roderick*) How now!
Speak! what is this, Florinda? Is't a shape
My fancy conjures up? My brain whirls round.
It stands there yet. 'Ere reason quite forsake me
Let me avenge my injured honor. (*draws*) Draw!
My weapon's at thy throat. I would not murder—
Defend thyself! What! mute and motionless!
A coward slave! Florinda! could'st thou crush
Thy father's heart for such a thing as this?

Flor. A change comes o'er him, 'tis more terrible
Than his outpouring wrath. My honored father
Gaze not so wildly round, but speak to me,—
Speak to me, I conjure thee, though to load
My name with bitterest imprecations.

Count J. (*bitterly*) Peace!
I'll speak to thee anon. This cavalier
Hath not yet deigned reply. You wear a mask,
Wilt please you to disclose the beauteous face
That woo'd my only child to her perd ition.
Where am I? Am I mad? Is this a dream?
This is my daughter's chamber, and there stands
A man, a living man. He holds his life
Upon the frailest tenure. Draw thy sword,
Or, slave! submit to blows!

(*Strikes him. Don Roderick rouses from his lethargy, draws and engages the Count. Florinda shrieks and faints. Count Julian falls. The king escapes by the secret door.*)

Flor. (*Recovering*) I've had a fearful dream, but that is o'er.
I am alone and happy. Happiness for me!
Ah! no! Oh memory! I see it all:
The spoiler hath escaped. And hath he slain
My father. No! he is not dead, his heart
Beats with returning life. I will support
His reverend head. The marble lips unclose.
Oh! joy, he breathes again. My poor, poor father!

Count J. (*Starting up wildly*) Give me a sword! Draw villain! Is he gone!
And do I live to know it.

Flor. Art thou hurt?

Count J. Aye, past all cure; struck in the life of life,—
My honor is attainted. Would the wretch
Had reached the heart he sought; but, lo! his blade,
False, like himself, hath broken at the point.
(*Draws out the fragment of a blade from his bosom.*)
But yet he lives who wronged me. Rest or food
I will not take till he hath made atonement.
Tell me his name.

Flor. My father, do not ask.

Count J. Tell me the monster's name. Nay, do not fear;
Were he of Roderick's household, by the king
Beloved and honored, I would have revenge.
Yes, in the royal presence I would seize
The ruffian by the throat, and smite him, thus!

Flor. Your violence alarms me.

Count J. Palter not!
The hour flies on; I tremble with impatience.
Give up the traitor's name.

Flor. I cannot do it.

Count J. The traitor's name, Florinda! I command thee.
Death! shall he go unharmed who hath betrayed
The fairest flower of all Castilian maids,
And cast a blot upon the proudest scutcheon
Of all the Gothic chivalry of Spain?
Give me his name, or, by the Saints above
I shall believe thou lovest the miscreant,
And art a party to thine own dishonor.

Flor. My father, hear me,—I may not betray
The motives of my silence, for I've sworn
A deadly oath that I will ne'er divulge
The name of him who wronged me! I have sworn—
Thou wilt not urge me.

Count J. I am almost mad—
If thou would'st have me live, give up to death
The author of thy ruin. Art thou silent?
By heaven! it were a Roman deed to strike
The wretch who shields her ravisher. Beware!

Flor. (*kneeling*) My father, *take* my life, thou gavest it,—
I've lived too long—I'm weary of the world—
But do not urge thy daughter to infringe
Her sacred word; no, death before dishonor.

Count J. Poor, ruined girl, come to thy father's arms!
Yes, here should be thy refuge. When thy heart
Is heavy with its sorrow, and the world
Looks dark around thee, thou bereft in youth
Of her, who would have comforted, shalt find
A kind protector in the broken soldier,
For never more, I'll arm me for the wars;
No more the fiery barb shall bear my weight,
No more the standard-sheet above my helm
Shall flap its gorgeous blazon in the sun.
I've done with war and chivalry.

Flor. Oh! then
In some green valley we'll forget the world
And yet be happy.

Count J. (*with a sudden revulsion of feeling*) Dar'st thou tell me that?
Live happy and dishonored! Can it be:
I'll fly the world, but not until I've found
The fiend who hath destroyed thee; Earth nor hell
Shall hide him from my vengeance. With the deep
Untiring purpose of the fierce bloodhound
I'll follow on his path, and when I've found him,
Be sure that fury shall not mar my skill;
My nerves shall yield obedience to their master
Though the infernal fires consume my heart.
My sword shall reach his life, though it be sheathed
In triple steel and guarded by a spell,
And he shall find how terrible and wild
A father's vengeance is. Come, come, Florinda.—(*Exeunt*).

Boston, May 21, 1839.

THE DERBY.

Does any man feel inclined to speculate a little upon the winner of the Derby, which we shall unquestionably announce next week? If any such there be, let him study the annexed summary, which we cut from the London "Sunday Times," the editor of which says, that it is a curious fact that in thirty years—we take thirty, because they exactly measure the circle of our own personal observation of doings on the turf—only two horses, namely, Tiresias in 1819 and Cedric in 1824, have run more than twice in the spring of the same year at Newmarket, previously to their running for and winning the Derby—a fact which converts into a philosophical axiom the old saying of "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

In 1809. Pope won the Derby, beating Wizard and eight others, being the first time of his starting. Betting, 11 to 8 on Wizard; 20 to 1 agst Pope.

In 1810. Whalebone ran for the Newmarket Stakes, which he won; won the Derby. Betting 2 to 1 agst him.

In 1811. Phantom ran for Produce Stakes, and was beaten by Barrosa; won the Derby. Betting, 5 to 1 agst him.

In 1812. Octavius ran twice; he won a Sweepstakes, and was beaten for the 2,000 by Cwrw and Cato; won the Derby; 7 to 1 agst him.

In 1813. Smolensko ran twice; he won the 2,000 and the Newmarket Stakes; won the Derby; even betting.

In 1814. Blucher ran twice; he won a Sweepstakes and the Newmarket Stakes; won the Derby; 5 to 2 agst him.

In 1815. Whisker ran twice; was beaten for the 2000 and Newmarket Stakes; won the Derby; 8 to 1 agst him.

In 1816. Prince Leopold won the Derby, being the first time of his starting; 20 to 1 agst him.

In 1817. Azor ran for a Sweepstakes, but was not placed; won the Derby; 50 to 1 agst him.

In 1818. Sam ran for the Riddlesworth, but was not placed; won the Derby; 7 to 2 agst him.

In 1819. Tiresias ran three times. He won the Newmarket Stakes and two other stakes; won the Derby; 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 against him; first favourite.

In 1820. Sailor ran once for a Sweepstakes, which he won; won the Derby; 4 to 1 agst him.

In 1821. Gustavus ran for the Newmarket Stakes, which he won; won the Derby; 2 to 1 agst him.

In 1822. Moses ran for a Sweepstakes, which he won; won the Derby; 6 to 1 agst him.

In 1823. Emilius ran for the Riddlesworth, which he won; won the Derby; 5 to 4 agst him.

In 1824. Cedric ran four times. He won two Sweepstakes and a Match; was beaten for the Dinner Stakes by Rebecca; won the Derby; 9 to 2 agst him.

In 1825. Middleton won the Derby, being the first time of his starting; 7 to 4 agst him.

In 1826. Lapdog ran twice. The first time for a Plate, but was not placed; the second for the Three-Year Old Plate, which he won; won the Derby; 50 to 1 agst him.

In 1827. Mameluke ran for the Riddlesworth, and was beaten; won the Derby; 9 to 1 agst him.

In 1828. Cadland ran twice. He won a Sweepstakes and the 2000; won the Derby; 4 to 1 agst him.

In 1829. Frederick won the Derby, being the first time of his starting; betting, 40 to 1 agst him.

In 1830. Priam ran twice. He won the Riddlesworth and the Column Stakes; won the Derby; 4 to 1 agst him.

In 1831. Spaniel ran twice. He won a Handicap Sweepstakes at Newmarket, and the Shirley at Epsom; won the Derby; 50 to 1 agst him.

In 1832. St. Giles ran twice. He won a Match and a Handicap Sweepstakes; won the Derby; 3 to 1 agst him.

In 1833. Dangerous won the Derby, being the first time of his starting that year; 30 to 1 agst him.

In 1834. Plenipotentiary ran for two Sweepstakes, which he won; won the Derby; 9 to 1 agst him.

In 1835. Mundig won the Derby, being the first time of his starting; 6 to 1 agst him.

In 1836. Bay Middleton ran twice. He won the Riddlesworth and the 2000; won the Derby; 7 to 4 agst him.

In 1837. Phosphorus ran twice. Was beaten for the Newmarket Stakes; won the Three-Year Old Plate; won the Derby; 40 to 1 agst him.

In 1838. Amato won the Derby, being the first time of his starting; betting, 30 to 1 agst him.

Melton Mowbray, April 20.—At length the season at this fashionable and attractive place of winter adjournment is closed, and, despite of all predictions and some untoward circumstances, a more numerous attendance, whether as to numbers or rank, was scarcely ever remembered. The fact is, so long as the manly and invigorating pursuit of fox-hunting is patronised amongst the great and noble of the land, so long must Melton flourish. The localities are so infinitely beyond those which any other district in England presents, that Nature might have formed it for this especial pastime. "I would rather," said the veteran Mahee (who had passed twenty-five winters here), "ride to and from covert in Leicestershire than *hunt* in any other part of the kingdom." An observation coming from such a quarter speaks more than a volume from any ordinary source in attestation of the correctness of our opinion.

Lord Suffield's retirement, after holding the country for only one season, has occasioned much surprise, not unmixed with regret; for although his hounds have by no means come up to the high promise their enormous cost and established fame led us to expect, better things were anticipated for another season, when they became more accustomed to the difference of country; and his Lordship's manners were eminently popular. It appears extraordinary that, with the difficulties which beset him in consequence of unfortunate racing speculations, he should have offered to have undertaken an onerous duty like this. We are glad to hear that matters are in a favorable train for appointing as his successor a nobleman who, whether considered in reference to his sportsmanlike or gentlemanly qualities, is second to no one of his contemporaries.

The Marquis of Waterford and Sir F. Johnson were amongst the latest departures. The former leaves a magnificent stud, twenty-three in all, which will be summered here. His Lordship and party have exercised a most noble hospitality during their sojournment.

From the number of houses and stables already taken against another season, we argue that it will prove even a more auspicious year than the very brilliant one which has just passed away.

Another paper remarks of Lord Suffield:—

Lord Suffield succeeded to his title and estates in July, 1835, the late Lord having died in consequence of a fall from his horse a few days previous. His Lordship came on the turf the following year, and in 1837 had the good luck to run second for the Derby. In 1838 Calisto, belonging to him, ran second for the Oaks, and in the same year St. Luke was placed second for the Goodwood Stakes. With such a run as this, and the extreme liberality of his Lordship to have continued his career, he must have had the purse of Fortunatus. Lord Suffield is as great a loss to the turf as the late Sir Mark Wood, it being the idea that a noble Lord, who shall be nameless, will now more than ever have everything his own way.

House of Coburg.—The house of Saxe-Coburg is indisputably the most fortunate of all the existing great families of Europe. No common lot has attended them in our time, and they appear destined to fill a remarkable place in modern history. The reigning Duke has succeeded to the inheritance of the duchy of Saxe-Gotha, which he enjoys in addition to his original sovereignty of Coburg.

His brother Leopold was born under an extraordinary star; he first married the heiress to the British throne, and subsequently a daughter of the king of the French; two ladies not less amiable than elevated; and, after declining the throne of Greece, he has been chosen king of Belgium. One sister espoused the Archduke Constantine of Russia, and thus in the ordinary course of events would have become Empress of all the Russias. The history of another sister, the Duchess of Kent, is too well known to require comment; she is the mother of the Queen of England. Another brother has married one of the greatest heiresses of the Austrian empire, the daughter of the Prince of Kohary, and occupies the high post of Lieutenant Field-Marshal in the service of the Emperor. Finally, a nephew of the Duchess of Kent is the reigning king of Portugal. An impartial review of the progress of this distinguished family, compels us to add, that it does not owe its success to unworthy intrigue; its members bear their great estate with prudence, with good sense, and with moderation; and their domestic qualities form an antidote to the venom which generally pursues a career of success. Hawkin's Germany.

TATTERSALLS', May 6.

The extraordinary advance of Clarion has already been announced. Some further changes took place yesterday, and many others may be expected between this and Wednesday week, when the race will be decided. The room was crowded, and being small, made it a very difficult task to understand what was going on. As the weather is now warm enough for "out door work," would it not be as well to meet in the ring, none but subscribers to be admitted? The business transacted was of a desultory nature; but neither heavy nor of much importance. Dragsman receded to 6 to 1, taken once or twice, but not freely. Assuredly he was not much in favour. The same observation will apply to The Corsair, whose friends were *non est*. At the early part of the day 7 to 1 was taken in several quarters about Clarion; the betters, however, far out-numbered the takers, and long before the close 8 to 1 might have been procured in several quarters. Euclid was backed by "good men" at 9 to 1, and Cæsar, whose nominal opening price was 16 to 1, had so many supporters that he left off at 10 to 1, with eager takers of a point more; 14 to 1 was offered against the Dey of Algiers, no backers; 20 to 1 against Sleight of Hand, and, like Cæsar, no backers. Deception remained steadily at the price last quoted by us. No mention was made of Erin-go-Bragh, who made so wonderful a spring a week back; like Bulwark, who has been sent to the rear rank—he has proved a "flash in the pan." Melbourne was in considerable request at 30 to 1, and the same price was taken about Mr. Sadlers two, to a considerable amount. Camelino was backed at 35, 40, and 50 to 1; the middle price is the latest average. A few bets were made on the Chester Cup and the Gorhambury Stakes, but not a word said about the Oaks. Closing prices:—

DERBY.

20 to 1 agst Sir G. Heathcote's lot
18 to 1 —— Duke of Grafton's lot
30 to 1 —— Mr. Sadler's Diamond and Dart [taken freely]
6 to 1 —— Mr. G. Clark's Dragsman [taken]
8 to 1 —— Hon. Sidney Herbert's Clarion
9 to 1 —— Mr. Thornhill's Euclid [taken]
9 to 1 —— Lord Jersey's Cæsar [take 10 to 1]
10 to 1 —— Lord Lichfield's The Corsair [taken]
14 to 1 —— Col. Peel's The Dey of Algiers
20 to 1 —— Mr. Sadler's Deception [taken]
20 to 1 —— Sir G. Heathcote's Valaincourt
20 to 1 —— Lord Westminster's Sleight of Hand
25 to 1 —— Duke of Grafton's Æther [taken]
30 to 1 —— Lord Albemarle's Domino [taken]
30 to 1 —— Capt. Williamson's Melbourne [taken]
40 to 1 —— Mr. Dixon's Camelino [taken]
50 to 1 —— Marquis of Westminster's The Lord Mayor
1000 to 10 —— Lord Exeter's Bosphorus [taken]
4000 to 25 and 1000 to 16 agst the Duke of Grafton's Courier [taken]
1000 even betweeen Euclid and The Corsair [taken]
800 even between Ilderim and Melbourne [taken]
500 to 400 on Clarion agst Corsair [taken]

The betting rooms at the Grand Hotel, Covent Garden, were thrown open last night, and a few bets made without leading to any change in the odds given above.

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

PARIS, March 5.—This great ornament and attraction of the Theatre Francais has made her appearance in a new character. On Thursday last was performed Racine's *Esther*, the young Jewess enacting the part of the young Hebrew who saved Israel from destruction. It was long since this piece had been given at any of the public theatres; and however beautiful its language, it never obtained much success on the stage, though Talma and Lafont made much more than could be expected of the parts of *Assuerus* and *Aman*. The tragedy, if such it may be called, is, indeed, but ill adapted to the stage; and it was certainly never intended for it by its immortal author. Racine wrote it by Madame Maintenon's commands for her convent of St. Cyr, and he himself modestly called it but "a sort of poem, wherein singing was mingled with narrative, and the whole was connected by an action which rendered it more animated and less tedious." That so much sweet poetry, recited and sung by fifty noble virgins, in the presence of Louis the Fourteenth, and a Court comprising Bossuet, Boileau, Fenelon, La Bruyere, Montausier, Beauvilliers, Mesdames de Sevigne, Lafayette, and Maintenon, should have produced the enchanting effect which it did in 1689, need surprise no one. Another cause besides favoured its success. Racine had played the courtier on the occasion. The friend and confidant of Maintenon, he had wished his patroness to be recognised in the character of *Esther*. *Assuerus* had married *Esther*, as Louis the Fourteenth had just married Madame de Maintenon, who occupied the station of the arrogant *Washti*, meant for the recently disgraced Madame de Montespan. The insolence of *Aman*, himself, was designed to illustrate that of Louvois, the enemy of Mdme. de Maintenon, whom Lewis had just beaten out of his presence with a pair of fire-tongs, owing to the second devastation of the Palatinate. Between such circumstances and those of the Theatre Francais, between its dramatic company and the noble one of St. Cyr, between its pit, ignorantly hooting an actor for correctly giving a well-known line,* and the royal guests of Mdme. de Maintenon's seminary, the difference must be immense in the execution of so simple a piece, especially curtailed as it was on Tuesday last of its beautiful choruses. The result was altogether very unsatisfactory, and although Mdlle. Rachel culled her usual harvest of acclamations and wreaths, and she displayed in her delivery great sense and purity, this new part will add but little to her fame.

The most remarkable feature in this revival of *Esther* is, that a religious recollection greatly contributed to it. Mdlle. Rachel, who is a Jewess, has deservedly become, since her dramatic success, the pride of her brethren of the same persuasion. The richest Israelites, who a year ago would not have given her wherewith to buy a loaf or a dress, invite her now to their most luxurious banquets. They glory in her talents as if they had fostered it, and exult at having in their ranks so great an actress. When she performs, the best boxes are hired by the leading Jews in Paris, such as the Rothschilds, Foulds, Cremings, Koreffs, and Romillys. They rendezvous at the Theatre Francais, and now more enthusiastically applaud Corneille and Racine than the *notabilités* of the synagogue. It is in compliance with their wishes that the managers have revived a piece, written in their honour, and in which the triumph of a Jewish Queen is enacted by a Jewish actress. To gratify them this revival has taken place on the 28th of February, because it is the day which the Jewish calendar has devoted in the month of Schebat, which answers to our February, to the feast of Purim, instituted for celebrating the deliverance of the Jews from the proscription of Aman. Moreover, Thursday was represented to be two other anniversaries—that of Mdlle. Rachel's birth, and the 150th since the first performance of Esther. It turns out that Mdlle. Rachel was born on the 24th March, 1820, at Munf, Canton of Arau, in Switzerland, that Esther was first performed in January, 1689, and chronologists object, that the day on which the real Esther delivered her countrymen does not always correspond to the 28th of February, though it happens to do so this year.

* "Malheureusement! J'ai serve de *heraut* a sa gloire!" They roared out that the *S* must be substituted for the concluding *T*, it being *heros*, not *heraut!*

THE "STARRING" SYSTEM.

The New Orleans "*Picayune*" makes the following remarks upon this subject; we copy them, because often judicious, and because we purpose some day taking hold of the subject personally, in good earnest. It is worthy the attention of the theatrical press.

The Bee of yesterday, in an article headed "The Drama," contains some excellent remarks upon the custom which obtains with the managers of our theatres—that of procuring the services of *stars* for the purpose of filling the treasury—a custom which is highly injurious to the interests of regular stock companies, and which has a direct tendency to further the downfall of the regular drama, now in a decline from the ruinous effects of the system. Every word in the Bee is as "true as preaching" and should be carefully read by our managers.

This system of *starring* has been gradually extending for the last twelve years. At first those actors and actresses who adopted the system *were* stars and shed a bright effulgence upon the drama. They were persons of acknowledged talent, and the then stock companies—better, far better, than those of the present day—were willing to acknowledge the talents of such persons as Kean, Mrs. Duff, and others, and gave them all the support in their power. The success of the first stars who glittered in the theatrical firmament has inspired others with the hope that they, too, can gain the same popularity and arrive at the same eminence, and the consequence is that impudence has taken the place of talent, and what those who have the presumption to call themselves theatrical luminaries lack in brains, th ey make up for by noise and brawling.

The system of *starring* is very simple. The moment a tragedian finds that he can bawl louder than any one else, tear Shakspeare and reason to pieces more to the satisfaction of the gallery, and cut and slash in terrific combats, he must no longer play second fiddle. The comedian, finding that he can give the broadest grin, cram the greatest gag down the throats of the more ignorant part of the audience, who too frequently imagine that the greatest humbug possesses the most talent—he too must leave the narrow and inglorious field where no laurels are to be gained, and try his luck on other boards. The dancer, finding that she can give her foot a higher altitude than any of her compeers—that she can keep it up longer—that she can whirl round oftener in less time, can show better limbs and more of them—she must be a star forthwith, and at once outshine every thing else.

After having arrived at these perfections the next thing is to give themselves a *name*. This is easily done; for forty-line pica—in other words, types made of blocks larger than the blocks upon the shoulders of the persons whose names they are intended to spell—can tell the story at once. The public generally judge of an actor's talents by the size in which his name appears in the bills. The actor knows this—gives the manager a dinner—speaks of the extra amount of money he must infallibly draw if his name is made a principal *feature*—nods in a familiar, "how are you *now*" sort of a way to the primer, if by chance he meets him in a coffee house—asks him what he will drink, and the thing is done. His *name* is soon spread over every wall that is large enough in the city, and in letters "as big as all out doors."

Some piece—the longer the name and the more blood and thunder thrown into it the better—is brought out for t he rst appearance. The number of nights this piece has been played at different theatres will generally average from *one hundred and fifty* to *nine hundred and fifty*—sometimes as high as a *thousand*—and always to overflowing houses of course. It is played or murdered—generally the latter; yet long before the curtain has risen on the first representation, the bills for the ensuing night are printed announcing "that in consequence of the unequivocal marks of approbation [from a few hired persons throughout the theatre] manifested on its first representation, it will be repeated again this evening;" and this whether the piece has been, to use a common expression, d——d or not. In this way the public is humbugged. We have seen pieces brought out one year that had been played *one hundred nights*, and the same piece has been brought out the ensuing season and then it had been played *five hundred*—so the bills said. We can account for this in no other way than that actors, or rather humbugs, have a different way of enumerating from the rest of mankind.

Frequently, in these pieces, some of those who take parts as supernumeraries there are only two classes now-a-days, the stars and the "*soups*"—are by far the best actors. They look upon the hero strutting above them with disgust, get dispirited, careless and negligent as to how they dress or act. They see a person before them whom adventitious circumstances has placed in that sphere—they know that he is getting all the fame, and what is more, all the dollars, while they, by far more deserving, are obliged to put up with the miserable pittance of their weekly salary. They see all this—they see that the public is gulled—that let them play ever so well they are not appreciated—and the consequence is that instead of acting their parts they only *speak* them. This is another great cause of the degenerate state to which the legitimate drama has been brought in this country.

We might lengthen this article to columns, but our limits will not allow of it. At some future time we shall speak further upon the subject.

A new farce which POWER has recently brought out at the Haymarket, is thus noticed in brief, in some London paper of character. We should remark that the files we have recently received, not being by regular Liverpool packets, are miserably imperfect,—hardly worthy of being called files. But to the extract:

A petite comedy, called "The Law of the Kiss, or Touch or Take," has been produced at the Haymarket by Power, who is the hero of the piece, and figures in a variety of picturesque dresses, making fools and tools of every body else. The incident, spun out into two rather tedious acts, is simply that of an impudent Irishman snatching a kiss from a pretty girl, and when called upon to pay the penalty of a ceremonial marriage, accompanied with a real dower, converting the mock formality into an actual one with the consent of the lady, who yields at discretion to a wooer with so many *suits*. Power is a very pleasant fellow, but we fear he has been spoiled by two much petting; for he certainly appeared upon too good terms both with himself and the audience on this occasion.

A CHAPTER ON CARRIAGES.

Of all the articles which have been invented by the genii of taste and luxury for the service of the wealthy, none can compete with the carriage. Combining usefulness and elegance, what is properly called a *gentleman's carriage* more completely defines the limits of competency and wealth than any other appendage.

The time has long since past when the outward distinction of dress could allocate to a man his rank and station. We English seem to have a complete horror of adorning our outward man with gaudy and glittering attire; our great object seems to be rather to be neatly and elegantly dressed than to be the pegs upon which the tailor might exhibit the fruits of his ingenuity. Thanks to the skill, capital, and industry of our manufactures, perfect elegance of dress is no longer incompatible with the strictest economy; and there is nothing to prevent a tradesman or professional man from dressing in as good style as the wealthiest scion of the nobility—always supposing the existence of inherent taste—for if that be wanting, the most lavish expenditure will not succeed in making up for its deficiency. Again, in regard to *residence*, the same fastidiousness as to outward decoration prevails. The dwelling of a professional man, in Russell square or Seymour place, differs little in externals from that of a grandee in Belgrave or Grosvenor square. To be sure, in the internal arrangements, in the size and splendour of the apartments, and in the magnificence of the household, the difference between great wealth and a handsome competency may be easily discovered; but these are not the outward trappings of wealth, the commonalty cannot enter or appreciate these distinctions. It is therefore evident, that the only means of exhibiting wealth in the eyes of the world at large, is in the elegance and splendour of the "set-out," and the consequence is, that English art and ingenuity have been expended, not in vain, but with triumphant success, in bringing the gentleman's carriage to a state of perfection, as regards not only strength and lightness of construction, but in elegance of form, beauty of embellishment, and in unrivalled easiness and luxuriousness of motion.

Foreigners have often denied us cold-blooded northern Saxons any genius for the fine arts; now, we beg to ask, in what does a genius for the fine arts consist but in a correct appreciation of the elegant and harmonious in form and colour? We would direct the eye of any man of feeling for the fine arts to the carriages parading the park on a fine day, and notwithstanding the infinite variety in the construction, we would ask him if he could conceive more elegant and harmonious outlines than there are here exhibited? We would ask if art could further go, than in rendering articles, necessarily so compact, and having *one* general figure, at the same time beautiful as pictures?

It is in this harmoniousness in the curves, as well as in the superior finish and excellence in construction, that the London carriage builder transcends all his continental competitors. When Marshal Soult was in London his carriage was cried up as the very acme of elegance in the art of coach-building; we could never agree in this opinion—it is true that the Marshal's carriage was very elegantly decorated, but in form we think it was inferior to the build of most of the London makers. There was an abruptness in the termination of the principal curve very offensive to the eye of taste; the roof sprang from these *termini* in such a manner as to give an angularity to the appearance, which our English artists have generally succeeded in avoiding.

But there is one thing that we wish to allude to before we conclude; we are fearful that our Nobility and Gentry, in their taste for the elegant, will forget the magnificent. We confess that our ideas of the magnificent received a severe shock when we first became denizens of London: when we observed the carriages of the Nobility—nay, even those of Royalty—drawn by only two horses! we having been accustomed to the glories of the north. We recollect the equipage of the late Earl of Zetland [Alderman of the City of York, and thrice Lord Mayor], when it appeared on the Richmond race-course, during his Mayoralty—a stately coach drawn by six horses, and accompanied by a regiment of out riders. But if we wished to name aristocratic splendour at its acme, we should mention the race-course of Doncaster twenty-five years ago! The family of that truly princely Nobleman appeared on the ground in two carriages drawn by six horses each, and attended by sixteen outriders. The Earl of Harewood, the Archbishop, the Duke of Norfolk, the High Sheriff, the late Mrs. Beaumont, and some others, had all six horses to their carriages, and numbers of outriders. Mrs. Beaumont's horses were most magnificent creatures; they were quite unrivalled; and altogether the scene was one of the most imposing that can be imagined. These glories are now past, and we cannot help regretting their departure. We confess we strongly doubt the policy of the course pursued. It may be said that mere externals can have no influence of consequence; we beg to deny this. As long as the old system of state and magnificence in externals was kept up, the aristocracy was popular with the commonalty. The people at large have naturally a taste for show and splendour, and those who gratified that taste were favourites accordingly. We are not prepared to recommend a return to the old style of equipage, six long-tailed Flemings, as many long-tailed footmen, and a carriage as heavy as one of Wombwell's caravans; but, as in town the aristocracy have but few opportunities of making themselves welcome to the people, we do think it would be wise, and in great taste, if our Nobility were to appear in public in such state as would at once distinguish them.

Whilst we advocate the adoption of greater splendour in the fitting up of our carriages, we feel bound to confess that we should be extremely sorry were it to have the effect of injuring the exquisite taste which distinguishes the works of our Hobsons, our Pearces, our Hallmarkes, our Houlditches, our Wyburns, and our Adamses, but we see no reason for fearing that this would be the case—and we would advise them to try if there is not a latent taste for the magnificent in their aristocratic friends.

In luxuriousness we have little more to hope for, in exquisite elegance of form still less, in the equalization of motion there still remains something to be done, though not much—and here we will give a hint to that very clever builder, Mr. Adams, who has decidedly a genius for his art,—we will not call it a trade. In equalizing the motion of a carriage at present, it is partially accomplished by the vertical motion of elliptic springs and the compound one of the C springs—we think that if an additional motion in the direction of the line of draught, by the adoption of horizontal springs, such as are used to prevent the effects of concussion in railway carriages, were given, still greater easiness of motion might be accomplished—what say you, Master Adams!

Hoping that our crude and undigested hints may call the attention of persons better able to grapple with it to the subject, we conclude, with our sincere wishes that that art which tends so much to the convenience of our fair and noble readers, already at a high standard, may attain, under the auspices of a female Sovereign, the very acme of perfection. Court Journal.

MECHANICS.

COULD ARCHIMEDES HAVE LIFTED THE WORLD WITH A LEVER IF HE HAD HAD A FULCRUM TO REST IT UPON?

"In *reality* Archimedes would have had no *difficulty* in moving the world could he have brought his lever *to bear upon it*. It rests upon *nothing*, is suspended upon *nothing*, rubs against *nothing*, and floats in space without being *buoyed* up, It is perfectly free to move in *any* direction; no force would oppose itself to any attempt which Archimedes might make to move it either upwards or downwards; the only forces which act upon it—its centrifugal force and that which attracts it to the sun—being exactly *balanced*, and, as it were, *neutralised*. So that, in point of fact, to move the earth, the mechanical advantage of a *lever* is a superfluous thing; it would yield to any, the slightest force, impressed upon it, and Archimedes had only to *stamp his foot* and the thing was done. These were not, however, the ideas entertained by Archimedes on the subject. His conception of the matter evidently was, that the huge mass of the earth rested upon some other mass based in the infinities of space, towards which other mass it gravitated as does a stone or a rock to the mass of the earth; and the question which presented itself to his mind was, what, on this supposition, would supply a sufficient force to lift up and overthrow it. This sufficient force he found in his lever, his own arm moving tt. "Give me," said he, "a place where I may stand, and I will move the world." The principle on which his conclusion was founded was undeniable; the calculation was perfectly correct; but one element was probably omitted from it, it was the *time* requisite to give so huge a mass any *appreciable* motion by means of a lever, which should move it with so small a force as that which the arm of Archimedes could supply.

"Taking the diameter of the earth at 7930 miles, the number of cubic feet in it may be calculated to be 38,434,476,262,823,705,280,000: and assuming each cubic foot to weigh 300 pounds, which has been assumed as a probable amount, we shall have for the weight of the earth, in pounds, the number 11,530,342 879,148,611,584,000,000. Now, supposing Archimedes to act at the end of his lever with a force of 30 pounds, one arm of it must be 384,344,762,638,287,052,800,000 times longer than the other, that he may move this mass with it. And, one arm of the lever being this number of times longer than the other, when it was made to turn round its fulcrum, the end of that longer arm must move exactly this number of times faster, or farther, than the end of the other: so that, whilst the end of the shorter arm was moving one inch, the end of the longer arm must move 384,344,762,638,287,052,800,000 inches; and conversely, when Archimedes had made the end of the lever to which he applied his arm move this immense number of inches, he would only have prised up the *earth*, to which the other end was applied, *one inch*.

"Now, a man pulling with a force of 30 pounds, and moving the object which he pulls at the rate of 10,000 feet an hour, can work continually for from 8 to 10 hours a-day, and this is all that he can accomplish. Each day, then Archimedes could, at the utmost, move his end of his lever 100,000 feet, or 1,200,000 inches; and hence it may thus readily be calculated, that to move it 384,344,762,638,287,052,800,000 inches, or to move the other end—that is, the earth—one inch, would require the continual labour of Archimedes for 8,774,994,580,737 CENTURIES."

"ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PERMANENCE OF THE FORCE OF MOTION.

"There is scarcely any case of motion in which it cannot easily be traced. The flying of the dust out of a *carpet* on one side, which is struck on the other, is but an effect of the force of motion communicated to the dust, in common with the carpet, by the blow, and an indication of its tendency to permanence.

"When a man rides in a carriage or on horseback, with his motion, a *force* of motion is impressod upon him, which he does not indeed perceive, as long as his carriage or his horse moves with him; but which, if they be suddenly stopped, may throw him from his seat,

"If he stands upright in a boat, as he approaches the shore, however slowly it may be moving, he will be in great danger of falling if it suddenly *ground*, because the motion which he before partook of, in common with the boat, has a tendency to permanence.

"When a man *jumps from a carriage* in motion, unless, in the act of reaching the ground, he commence running, with a velocity at least equal to that of the carriage, he will certainly fall; for the force with which he was moving, in common with the carriage, will remain in the upper part of his body, whilst in his feet it will be arrested by contact with the ground.

"It is by reason of this tendency to permanence in the force of communicated motion, that a *race horse*, whatever efforts he makes to stop himself, cannot be brought up until he has long *passed the goal*; that a man *leaps* farthest when he runs to make his leap; and that in a *ship which strikes* when under sail, upon a rock, everything is dashed forwards."

William Leggett.—With feelings of deep sorrow and regret do we announce to our readers the death of this gentleman. By reputation he must be known to many of them. He was the editor of the "Plaindealer," a newspaper which, not long since, boasted the warmest support from the warmest opponents of its principles. Mr. LEGGETT was what is called in these parts a "Loco Foco," of the most ardent and sanguine description; he gloried in the title, and he wrote with the enthusiasm and the strength of genius and conviction, in advocacy of the doctrines of the party he espoused; or rather, he was almost the father of his peculiar tenets in New York; the principles which are now recognized as the cardinal doctrines in the political creed of the administration party, were first presented to the public by his energetic and eloquent pen.

But it is not as a political writer that we honor his memory. Mr. Leggett was a man of genius, a poet, and a gentleman. Every one who knew him loved him for his generosity, admired his ability, and respected him for his courage. His heart was "open as the day to melting charity," and his death has excited a feeling of the deepest sensibility in the hearts of those who honored the singleness of his views, and applauded the manliness of his nature. His memory will be ever cherished.

Curious Craft.—One of the curiosities of the day is an odd-looking iron steamboat, which has made its appearance here lately, in forty-five days from Europe. The length of keel of this little "singularity" is seventy feet, or thereabouts, while her breadth of beam is but *ten*. The wonder is, how the master of the craft found a crew sufficient to navigate her across the broad Atlantic. It appears that he did have much difficulty in doing so, and he arrived here safely the past week. The commander of such a queer-looking craft ought by all means to be a Yankee, and we doubt not that he is one, judging more from his undoubted daring and his seamanship than from his name, which is Capt. CRANE, as we learn from the newspapers. This little steamboat, the reader must bear in mind, arrived here under the influence of wind and tide alone, her boilers having been shipped by another vessel. She is destined to "operate" upon some canal in the "Jarseys"—the Delaware and Raritan, we believe. After all, it is possible that the charm of this wonderful voyage (for, with her dimensions, the voyage is indeed wonderful) is to be found in the gallant name she bears;—ROBERT F. STOCKTON is her proud designation, and naught that bears the stamp of so honorable an origin should be other than a gallant bark, a right sturdy, gentle, and honorable sailer.

Lord De Roos, of *honor*-able memory, is in his last *deal*. His final turn-up was the *ace of spades*, in a "fit of *coffin*." He was buried at Kensal Green in the most private manner, the only relative present was his Lordship's brother.

"We have got through the *Trees*," said an attender upon the St. Lous Theatre to old Sol. "But we an't out of the *Forest*," was Sol's reply.

BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA FRIGATE.

In Cooper's Naval History of the United States is the following description of this gallant act. During the war between the United States and Tripoli, in 1803 and 4, the United States Frigate Philadelphia, Captain Bainbridge, standing in o the habor of Tripoli in chase of a xebeck, struck on a reef, and all the exertions to get her off proving unsuccessful, she at last struck to the gun-boats by which she was surrounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The Philadelphia was subsequently got off the reef—towed into the harbor, manned with Turks, and was nearly fitted for sea, when Commodore Preble matured a plan for destroying her where she lay at anchor. This perilous enterprise was entrusted to Lieutenant STEPHEN DECATUR, who then commanded the U.S. schooner Enterprise—and a ketch which had been captured from the enemy a few days previous, and called the Intrepid, was the vessel employed for this service. The Intrepid sailed from Syracuse on the 2d of February, 1804—accompanied by the Siren of sixteen guns, Lieut. Com. STEWART, who was properly the senior officer of the expedition—though owing to the peculiar nature of the service, Mr. Decatur was permitted to conduct the more active part of the duty at his own discretion.

The party in the ketch consisted of Lieut. Com. Decatur, Lieuts. Lawrence, Bainbridge, and Thorn—Mr. McDonough, midshipman; and Dr. Heerman, Surgeon; all of the Enterprise—and Messrs. Izard, Morris, Laws, Davis, Rowe, midshipmen of the Constitution—and S. Catalano, the pilot, with 62 petty officers and men—making a total of 74 souls. These vessels arrived off Tripoli, but owing to the rough weather, no attempt was made to accomplish the object till the evening of the 16th inst.—when every thing looking favorable, Decatur seriously made disposition for the attack, and was reinforced by a boat and eight men from the Siren, under the orders of Midshipman Anderson. The result of this expedition is thus related by Mr. Cooper:—

The orders of Lieut. Com. Decatur was clear and simple. The spar deck was first to be carried, and then the gun deck, after which the following distribution of the party was to be made, in order to set fire to the ship. Mr. Decatur, with Messrs. Izard and Rowe, and 15 men, were to keep possession of the upper deck. Mr. Lawrence, with Messrs. Laws and McDonough, and 10 men, were to repair to the berth-deck and forward store-rooms. Mr. Bainbridge, with Mr. Davis and 10 men were to go into the ward-room and steerage; Mr. Morris, with eight men, were to go into the cockpit and after store-rooms; Mr. Thorn, with the gunner, surgeon, and 13 men were to look after the ketch; to Mr. Izard was assigned the command of the launch, should she be needed, and Mr. Anderson, with the Siren's cutter, was to secure all boats alongside of the ship, and to prevent the people from swimming ashore, with directions, however, to board as soon as the first duty was performed.

Fire-arms were to be used only in the last extremity, and the first object of every one was to clear the upper deck and gun deck of the enemy. These arrangements were plain and judicious. The watch-word was "Philadelphia."

As the ketch drew in with the land, the ship became visible. She lay not quite a mile within the entrance, riding to the wind and abreast of the town. Her foremast, which had been cut away while she was on the reef, had not been replaced, her main and mizen topmasts were housed, and her lower yards were on the gunwales. Her lower standing rigging, however, was in its place, and, as was shortly afterwards ascertained, her guns were loaded and shotted. Just within her, lay two corsairs, with a few gun-boats and a galley.

It was a mild evening for the season, and the sea and bay were as smooth as in summer; as unlike as possible to the same place a few days previously, when the two vessels had been driven from the enterprise by a tempest. Perceiving that he was likely to get in too soon, when about five miles from the rock, Mr. Decatur ordered buckets and other drags to be towed astern, in order to lessen the way of the ketch, without shortening sail, as the latter expedient would have been seen from the port, and must have awakened suspicion. In the mean time the wind gradually fell, until it became so light as to leave the ketch but about two knots way on her, when the drags were removed.

About 10 o'clock the Intrepid reached the eastern entrance of the bay, or the passage between the rocks and the shoals. The wind was nearly east, and, as she steered directly for the frigate, it was well abaft the beam. There was a young moon, and as these bold adventurers were slowly advancing into a hostile port, all around them was tranquil and apparently without distrust. For near an hour they were stealing slowly along, the air gradually failing, until their motion became scarcely perceptible.

Most of the officers and men of the ketch had been ordered to lie on the deck, where they were concealed by low bulwarks, or weather boards, and by the different objects that belonged to a vessel. As it is the practice of those seas to carry a number of men even in the smallest craft, the appearance of ten or twelve would excite no alarm, and this number was visible. The commanding officer, himself, stood near the pilot, Mr. Catalano, who was to act as interpreter.

The quarter-master at the helm, was ordered to stand directly for the frigate's bows, it being the intention to lay the ship aboard in that place, as the mode of attack which would least expose the assailants to her fire.

The Intrepid was still at a considerable distance from the Philadelphia when the latter hailed. The pilot answered that the ketch belonged to Malta, and was on a trading voyage; that she had been nearly wrecked and had lost her anchors in a late gale, and that the commander wished to ride by the frigate during the night. This conversation lasted some time, Mr. Decatur instructing the pilot to tell the frigate's people with what he was laden, in order to amuse them, and the Intrepid gradually drew nearer, until there was every prospect of her running foul of the Philadelphia, in a minute or two, and at the very spot contemplated. But the wind suddenly shifted and took the ketch aback. The instant the southerly puff struck her, her head fell off and she got a stern-board; the ship, at the same moment tending to the new current of air. The effect of this unexpected change was to bring the ketch directly under the frigate's broadside, at the distance of about forty yards, where she lay perfectly becalmed, or, if any thing, drifted slowly astern, exposed to nearly every one of the Philadelphia's larboard guns.

Not the smallest suspicion appears to have been yet excited on board the frigate, though several of her people were looking over her rails, and notwithstanding the moon-light, so completely were the Turks deceived, that they lowered a boat, and sent it with a fast. Some of the ketch's men in the mean time, had got into her boat, and had run a line to the frigate's fore chains. As they returned, they met the frigate's boat, took the fast it brought, which came from the after part of the ship, and passed it into their own vessel. These fasts were put into the hands of the men, as they lay on the ketch's deck, and they began cautiously to breast the Intrepid alongside of the Philadelphia, without rising. As soon as the latter got near enough to the ship, the Turks discovered her anchors, and they sternly ordered the ketch to keep off, as she had deceived them; preparing, at the same time, to cut the fasts. All this passed in a moment, when the cry of "Amerikanos" was heard in the ship. The people of the Intrepid, by a strong pull, brought their vessel alongside of the frigate, where she was secured, quick as thought. Up to this moment, not a whisper had betrayed the presence of the men concealed. The instruction had been positive to keep quiet until commanded to show themselves, and no precipitation, even in that trying moment, deranged the plan.

Lieut. Com. Decatur was standing ready for a spring, with Messrs. Laws and Morris quite near him. As soon as close enough, he jumped at the frigate's chain plates, and while clinging to the ship himself, he gave the order to board The three gentlemen were in the chains together, and Lieut. Com. Decatur and Mr. Morris sprang at the rail above them, while Mr. Laws dashed at the port. To the latter would have belonged the honor of having been first in this gallant assault, but wearing a boarding belt, his pistols were caught between the gun and the side of the port. Mr. Decatur's foot slipped in springing, and Mr. Charles Morris first stood upon the quarter deck of the Philadelphia. In an instant, Lieut. Com. Decatur and Mr. Laws were at his side, while heads and bodies appeared coming over the rail, and through the ports in all directions.

The surprise seems to have been as perfect, as the assault was rapid and earnest. Most of the Turks on deck crowded forward, and all ran over to the starboard side, as their enemies poured in on the larboard. A few were aft, but as soon as charged they leaped into the sea. Indeed, the constant plunges into the water, gave the assailants the assurance that their enemies were fast lessening in numbers by flight. It took but a minute or two to clear the spar-deck, though there was more of a struggle below. Still, so admirably managed was the attack, and so complete the surprise, that the resistance was but trifling. In less than ten minutes, Mr. Decatur was on the quarter-deck again, in undisturbed possession of his prize.

There can be no doubt that this gallant officer now felt bitter regrets, that it was not in his power to bring away the ship he had so nobly recovered. Not only were his orders on this point peremptory, however, but the frigate had not a sail bent, nor a yard crossed, and she wanted her foremast. It was next to impossible, therefore, to remove her, and the command was given to pass up the combustibles from the ketch.

The duty of setting fire to the prize appears to have been executed with as much promptitude and order, as every other part of the service. The officers distributed themselves, agreeably to the previous instructions, and the men soon appeared with the necessary means. Each party acted by itself, and as it got ready. So rapid were they all in their movements that the men with combustibles had scarcely time to get as low as the cockpit and after storerooms, before the fires were lighted over their heads. When the officer entrusted with the duty last mentioned, had got through, he found the afterhatches filled with smoke, from the fire in the room and steerage, and was obliged to make his escape by the forward ladders.

The Americans were in the ship from twenty to twenty-five minutes, and they were literally driven out of her by the flames. The vessel had got to be so dry in that low latitude, that she burnt like pitch; and the combustibles had been as judiciously prepared as they were steadily used. The last party up were the people who had been in the store-rooms, and when they reached the deck, they found most of their companions already in the Intrepid. Joining them, and ascertaining that all was ready, the order was given to cast off. Notwithstanding the daring character of the enterprise in general, Mr. Decatur and his party now run the greatest risks they had encountered that night. So fierce had the conflagration already become, that the flames began to pour out of the ports, and the head-fast having been cast off, the ketch fell astern, with her jigger flapping against the quarter-gallery, and her boom foul. The fire showed itself in the window at this critical moment, and beneath was all the ammunition of the party, covered with a tarpauline. To increase the risk, the stern fast was jammed. By using swords, however, for there was not time to look for an axe, the hawser was cut, and the Intrepid was extricated from the most imminent danger by a vigorous shove. As she swung clear of the frigate, the flames reached the rigging, up which they went, hissing like a rocket, the tar having oozed from the ropes, which had been saturated with that inflammable matter. Matches could not have kindled with greater quickness.

The sweeps were now manned. Up to this moment every thing had been done earnestly, though without noise, but as soon as they felt they had got command of their ketch again, and by two or three vigorous strokes, had sent her away from the frigate, the people of the Intrepid ceased rowing, and as one man they gave three cheers for the victory. This appeared to arouse the Turks from their stupor, for the cry had hardly ended, when the batteries, the two corsairs, and the galley, poured in their fire. The men laid hold of their sweeps again, of which the Intrepid had eight of a side, and favored by a light air, they went merrily down the harbor.

The spectacle that followed is described as having been both beautiful and sublime. The entire bay was illuminated by the conflagration, the roar of cannon was constant, and Tripoli was in a clamor. The appearance of the ship was in the highest degree magnificent; and to add to the effect, as her guns heated, they began to go off. Owing to the shift of wind, and the position which she had tended, she in some measure returned the enemy's fire, as one of her broadsides was discharged in the direction of the town, and the other towards Fort English. The most singular effect of this conflagration was on board the ship, for the flames having run up the rigging and masts, collected under the tops and fell over, giving the whole the appearance of glowing columns and fiery capitals.

Under ordinary circumstances, the situation of the ketch would still have been thought sufficiently perilous, but after the exploit they had just performed, her people, elated with success, regarded all that was now passing as a triumphant spectacle. The shot constantly cast the spray around them, or were whistling over their heads, but the only sensation they produced, was by calling attention to the brilliant jets d'eau that they occasioned as bounding along the water. But one struck the Intrepid, although she was within half a mile of many of the heaviest guns for some time, and that passed through her top-gallant sail.

With sixteen sweeps, and eighty men elated with success, Mr. Decatur was enabled to drive the Intrepid ahead with a velocity that rendered towing useless. Near the harbor's mouth, he met the Siren's boats, sent to cover his retreat, but their services were scarcely necessary. As soon as the ketch was out of danger, he got into one, and pulled aboard the brig, to report to Lieut. Com. Stewart the result of his undertaking.

The Siren had got into the offing some time after the Intrepid, agreeably to arrangements, and anchored about three miles from the rocks. Here she hoisted out the launch and a cutter, manned and armed them, and sent them in, under Mr. Caldwell, her first Lieutenant. Soon after the brig weighed, and the wind having entirely failed outside, she swept into eight fathoms water, and anchored again, to cover the retreat, should the enemy attempt to board the Intrepid, with his gun-boats. It will readily be supposed that it was an anxious moment, and as the moon rose, all eyes were on the frigate. After waiting in intense expectation near an hour, a rocket went up from the Philadelphia. It was the signal of possession, and Mr. Stewart ran below to get another for the answer. He was gone only a moment, but when he returned, the fire was seen shining through the frigate's ports, and in a few more minutes, the flames were seen rushing up her rigging, as if a train had been touched. Then followed the cannonade, and the dashing of sweeps, with the approach of the ketch. Presently a boat was seen coming alongside, and a man in a sailor's jacket sprang over the gangway of the brig. It was DECATUR, to announce his victory!

Baltimore Chronicle.

THE MODERN PAROLLES;

OR, ACTORS AND SKITTLES.

Most of our London actors who have crossed the Atlantic have visited the city of Albany, and will remember, with feelings of gratification, the wild scenery of the Highlands, and the picturesque windings of the magnificent Hudson, which bore them on its silvery bosom to the capital of the State of New York.

But it is not of the surrounding scenery, or the excellent society of this interesting city, that I am about to speak; my sketch refers to its pretty theatre, and an individual amongst its company of actors.

I would here premise, that when the talented dramatist, who has already commenced with Richard the Third, shall have improved the whole of Shakspeare, (which I am aware is his intention) should he modernize the comedies, I shall expect, at least, an acknowledgment for my hint as regards the prominent character in "All's well that ends well!"

He was an Englishman by birth, and had come out with other adventurers, to make his fortune in the theatrical El Dorado! His education, which had been completed somewhere in the vicinity of the New Cut, Lambeth, was not decidedly classical, and his pronunciation slightly at variance with the approved standard of that erudite Walker; although the frequent use of his name in conversation proved, at least, a respect for his authority. Nor were his pretensions to histrionic fame of the most elevated order; his efforts, in the legitimate drama, being principally confined to ruffians, bailiffs, and servants; but in comic pantomime, terrific combats, or, as the representative of any animal but man! he was unequalled, and was often heard to assert with energetic gravity, that he considered himself "*the greatest monkey in the United States.*"

At the time I speak of, few of our great actors had visited America; and as their names were mentioned in certain characters of the drama, the curiosity of the native performers was naturally excited as to their persons, habits, talents, &c. Happy was it for the favoured few who, at the little theatre at Albany, could boast the acquaintance of the interesting subject of my present sketch. For as the merits of each eminent member of the London stage were discussed he was "Sir Oracle." He knew them all!—but his was not that evanescent acquaintance resulting from theatrical connection only; to many of the most eminent he was related! with most of them he had been at school! he had intrigued with all the female performers of doubtful reputation, and narrowly escaped the matrimonial noose with others whose virtue had stood the test of his fascinating solicitations.

It was amusing to hear the easy familiarity with which he spoke of the Stars of the theatrical hemisphere! but unlike most pretenders to intimacy with their superiors, he did not descant on their wealth, their mansions, their equipages, or their festivities; but introduced them at once to the hearts of his admiring audience, as unbending themselves in the congenial atmosphere of the skittle-ground and the tap-room!

At the bar of the tavern next door to the theatre, (most American theatres have this convenience, serving as a green-room to the male performers, without trouble or expense to any one but the call-boy:) with his hat placed knowingly on one side, to give him more the appearance of Elliston, of whom personally, he assured his listeners, in his own elegant phraseology, he was "the very spit;" a cigar in his mouth, a black eye,—a constant appendage to his pugnacious propensities—and a short thick stick, with which he enforced silence and attention, he was daily in the habit of enlightening a small circle of his especial admirers. I listened to him one morning with peculiar satisfaction; he was, to use his own words, "in great force, getting his steam up;" and as he tossed off his third mint-julep, evidently approximating to "dangerous high-pressure."

"Don't talk to me," said he, "about nine-pins; skittles you mean; never call anything by its right name, know nothing about the game either; go to London, that's the place; talk of players, poor Charley! he is a player!" "What Charley Morris?" enquired, with becoming deference, one of his listeners. "Charley Morris," contemptuously replied he, "Charley Morris be d—d! who the devil's Charley Morris? I mean my friend Charley, Charley over the water, Charley Kemble!—first actor in London in comedy; can't play tragedy; see him in Charles Surface—he *is* a gentleman!—tip 'em all nine; devil of a fellow for skittles!" "What you know all the tip tops?" said one, evidently with the purpose of drawing him out. "Know 'em," continued he, "you'll see *that*, if any of 'em come to Albany." "'Tis reported in New York," said another of the party, "that Macready *is* coming!" "What!" ejaculated our hero, "Bill! Bill Macready! Went to school with him—we're just like brothers—capital chap, Bill; pleasant-tempered fellow—no pride about *him;* let me see,—last time I had a lark with Bill was at Greenwich fair;—you've heard of Greenwich fair!—held in the park—immense place—half as big as State of New York—hill in the middle—higher than Catskill mountain—every body goes—all the nobility, King and all—*must go!* Well, *we went*, a snug party: let's see, there was Dowton, Bill Macready, Charley, *old Charley*, Dick Jones [light-comedy Jones, slovenly Dick, we call him], and Dan Terry; Dan always singing, that's a bore, else pleasant fellow Dan; Dowton, jolly old cock, laughing away, never out of temper; there we were—got our pipes—merry as grigs—went in a cart—I drove—the only one steady. Stopped all night, lushing and dancing; next morning—precious mess—ten o'clock rehearsal at Covent Garden—all to be there—got to Waterloo Bridge; you've heard of Waterloo Bridge! half-a-mile long! no money to pay the toll! when, just at the nick, who should drive up but Sarah, [Charley's sister] Sarah Siddons—the great Lady Macbeth, *going a airing* in her own coach; Charley borrowed half-a-crown—paid the gate; I never shall forget, what *a awful shake of the head* she gave Charley. Says she to me—"

Here a loud call for "all the gentlemen savages," [they were rehearsing Perouse] broke the thread of his interesting narration, and I was left in the dark as to the sequel of the adventure.

Archer's Mems. of America.

LORD NORTH.

The following letter is from the youngest daughter of the late Lord NORTH, and the circumstances under which it was written are explained in the letter itself. Lord North, it will be recollected, was at the head of the British Ministry which prosecuted the Revolutionary War against us.

My dear Lord Brougham,—You mentioned to me the other night your intention of writing the character of my father, to be placed among some other characters of the statesmen of the last century that you are preparing for the press, and at the same time stated the difficulty of describing a man of whom you had no personal knowledge. This conversation has induced me to cast back my mind to the days of my childhood and early youth, that I may give you such impressions of my father's private life as those recollections will afford.

Lord North was born in April, 1733; he was educated at Eton school, and then at Trinity College, Oxford; and he completed his academical studies with the reputation of being a very accomplished and elegant classical scholar. He then passed three years upon the Continent, residing successively in Germany, Italy, and France, and acquiring the languages of those countries, particularly of the last. He spoke French with great fluency and correctness; this acquirement, together with the observations he had made upon the men and manners of the countries he had visited, gave him what Madame de Stael called *l'Esprit Européen*, and enabled him to be as agreeable a man in Paris, Naples, and Vienna, as he was in London. Among the lighter accomplishments he acquired upon the Continent, was that of dancing; I have been told that he danced the most graceful minuet of any young man of his day; this I must own surprised me, who remember him only with a corpulent heavy figure, the movements of which were rendered more awkward and were impeded by his extreme near sightedness before he became totally blind. In his youth, however, his figure was slight and slim; his face was plain but agreeable, owing to his habitual expression of cheerfulness and good humor, though it gave no indication of the brightness of his understanding.

Soon after his return to England, at the age of 23, he was married to Miss Speck, of Whitelackington-park, Somersetshire, a girl of 16; she was plain in her person, but had excellent good sense, and was blessed with singular mildness and placidity of temper. She was also not deficient in humor, and her conversational powers were by no means contemptible; but she, like the rest of the world, delighted in her husband's conversation, and being by nature shy and indolent, was contented to be a happy listener during his life, and after his death her spirits were too much broken down for her to care what she was. Whether they had been in love with each other when they married I don't know, but I am sure there never was a more happy union than theirs during the 26 years that it lasted. I never saw an unkind look, or heard an unkind word, pass between them; his affectionate attachment to her was as unabated as her love and admiration of him.

Lord North came into office first as one of the Lords of the Treasury, I believe, about the year 1763, and in 1765 he was appointed as one of the joint paymasters. In 1769 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and some years after First Lord of the Treasury. He never would allow us to call him Prime Minister, saying there was no such thing in the British constitution. He continued in office during 13 years: during the last three years he was most anxious to retire, but he suffered himself to be overcome by the earnest entreaties of Geo. III. that he should remain. At length the declining majorities in the House of Commons made it evident that there must be a change of Ministry, and the King was obliged reluctantly to receive his resignation. This was a great relief to his mind; for, although I do not believe that my father ever entertained any doubt as to the justice of the American war, yet I am sure that he wished to have made peace three years before its termination. I perfectly recollect the satisfaction expressed by my mother and my eldest sisters upon this occasion, and my own astonishment at it; being at that time a girl of 11 years, and hearing in the nursery the lamentations of the women about "My Lord's going out of power" (viz., the power of making their husbands tide-waiters), I thought going out of power must be a sad thing, and that all the family were crazy to rejoice at it.

It is hardly necessary to say that Lord North was perfectly clean-handed and pure in money matters, and that he left office a poorer man than when he came into it. His father being still living at that time, his income would have scantily provided for the education and maintenance of his six children, and for the support of his habitual, though unostentatious, hospitality, but the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports becoming vacant, the King conferred it upon him. His circumstances, by this means, became adequate to his wishes, as he had no expensive tastes or love of splendor, but he was thoroughly liberal, and had great enjoyment in social intercourse, which even in those days was not to be had without expense. Lord North did not long continue out of office, the much criticised Coalition taking place the year following, 1783. The proverb says "Necessity acquaints us with strange bedfellows:" it is no less true that dislike of a third party reconciles adversaries. My eldest brother was a Whig by nature, and an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Fox; he, together with Mr. Adam and Mr. Eden (afterwards Lord Auckland), were, I believe, the chief promoters of the Coalition. My mother, I remember, was adverse to it, not that she troubled her head with being a Tory or a Whig, but she feared it would compromise her husband's political consistency. I do not pretend to give any opinion upon this subject, having been too young at the time to form any, and since I grew up I have always been too decided a Whig myself to be a fair judge. This Ministry, in which Mr. Fox was at the head of the Foreign, Lord North of the Home Office, and the Duke of Portland of the Treasury, lasted but a few months; in 1784 Mr. Pitt began his long administration. My father, after he was out of office, attended Parliament, and sometimes spoke and voted, independent of the opinions of his new allies; but this made no difference in the cordiality of their friendship, which remained unimpaired to the end of his life.

I will now attempt to give you my impressions of my father's style of conversation and character in private life. His wit was of the most genuine and playful kind; he related (*narroit*) remarkably well, and liked conversing upon literary subjects; and yet so completely were all these ingredients mixed and amalgamated by good taste, that you would never have described him as a sayer of *bon mots*, or a teller of good stories, or as a man of literature, but as a most agreeable member of society and truly delightful companion. His manners were those of a high-bred gentleman, particularly easy and natural; indeed, good breeding was so marked a part of his character, that it would have been affectation in him to have been otherwise than well-bred. With such good taste and good breeding, his raillery could not fail to be of the best sort—always amusing, and never wounding. He was the least fastidious of men, possessing the happy art of extracting any good that there was to be extracted out of anybody. He never would let his children call people bores; and I remember the triumphant joy of the family when, after a tedious visit from a very prosy and empty man, he exclaimed, "Well, that man *is* an insufferable bore!" He used frequently to have large parties of foreigners and distinguished persons to dine with him at Bushy-park. He was himself the life and soul of those parties. To have seen him then, you would have said that he was there in his true element. Yet I think that he had really more enjoyment when he went into the country on a Saturday and Sunday, with only his own family, or one or two intimate friends; he then entered into all the jokes and fun of his children, was the companion and intimate friend of his elder sons and daughters, and the merry, entertaining playfellow of his little girl, who was five years younger than any of the others. To his servants he was a most kind and indulgent master; if provoked by stupidity or impertinence, a few hasty impatient words might escape him, but I never saw him *really out of humor*. He had a drunken, stupid groom, who used to provoke him; and who, from the uncommon circumstance, was called by the children, "the man that puts papa in a passion;" and I think he continued all his life putting papa in a passion, and being forgiven, for I believe he died in his service.

In the year 1787 Lord North's sight began rapidly to fail him, and in the course of a few months he became totally blind, in consequence of a palsy on the optic nerve. His nerves had always been very excitable, and it is probable that the anxiety of mind which he suffered during the unsuccessful contest with America, still more than his necessary application to writing, brought on this calamity, which he bore with the most admirable patience and resignation; nor did it affect his general cheerfulness in society. But the privation of all power of dissipating his mind by outward objects, or of solitary occupation, could not fail to produce at times extreme depression of spirits, especially as the malady proceeded from the disordered state of his nerves. These fits of depression seldom occurred, except during sleepless nights, when my mother used to read to him, until he was amused out of them, or put to sleep.

In the evenings, in Grosvenor-square, our house was the resort of the best company that London afforded at that time. Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan, occasionally; and Lord Stormont, Lord John Townshend, Mr. Windham, Sir James Erskine, afterwards Lord Rosslyn, his uncle, then Lord Loughborough, habitually frequented our drawing-room; these, with various young men

and women, his children's friends, and whist-playing ladies for my mother, completed the society. My father always liked the company of young people, especially of young women who were sensible and lively; and we used to accuse him of often rejoicing when his own political friends left his side, and were succeeded by some lively young females. Lord North, when he was out of office, had no private secretary; even after he became blind, his daughters, particularly the two eldest, read to him by turns, wrote his letters, led him in his walks, and were his constant companions.

In 1792 his health began to decline: he lost his sleep and his appetite; his legs swelled, and symptoms of dropsy were apparent. At last, after a peculiarly uneasy night, he questioned his friend and physician, Dr. Warren, begging him not to conceal the truth; the result was that Dr. Warren owned that water had formed upon the chest, that he could not live many days, and that a few hours might put a period to his existence. He received this news not only with firmness and pious resignation, but it in no way altered the serenity and cheerfulness of his manners; and from that hour, during the remaining ten days of his life, he had no return of depression of spirits. The first step he took, when aware of his immediate danger, was to desire that Mr. John Robinson (commonly known by the name of "The Rateatcher") and Lord Auckland might be sent for, they being the only two of his political friends whose desertion had hurt and offended him; he wished before his death to shake hands cordially and forgive them. They attended the summons of course, and the reconciliation was effected. My father had always delighted in hearing his eldest daughter, Lady Glenbervie, read Shakspeare, which she did with much understanding and effect. He was desirous of still enjoying this amusement. In the existing circumstances this task was a hard one; but strong affection, the best source of woman's strength, enabled her to go through it. She read to him great part of every day with her usual spirit, though her heart was dying within her. No doubt she was supported by the Almighty in the pious work of solacing the last hours of her almost idolized parent. He also desired to have the French newspapers read to him. At that time they were filled with alarming symptoms of the horrors that shortly after ensued. Upon hearing them, he said "I am going, and thankful I am that I shall not witness the anarchy and bloodshed which will soon overwhelm that unhappy country." He expired on the 5th of August, 1792.

Lord North was a truly pious christian; and—although from his political view of the subject—I believe that one of the last speeches he made in Parliament was against the repeal of the Test Act, yet his religion was quite free from bigotry or intolerance, and consisted more in the beautiful spirit of Christian benevolence than in outward and formal observances. His character in private life was, I believe, as faultless as that of any human being can be; and those actions of his public life which appear to have been the most questionable, proceeded, I am entirely convinced, from what one must own was a weakness, though not an unamiable one, and which followed him through his life—the want of power to resist the influence of those he loved.

I remain, my dear Lord, gratefully and sincerely yours,
Green-street, Feb. 18, 1839. CHARLOTTE LINDSAY.

SECRET TRIBUNAL OF GERMANY.

Few phenomena, either moral or political, have excited more the attention of the philosopher, than the Secret Tribunal of Germany, better known by its proper appellation of Das Vheme Gericht. At this remote period of time, it is impossible clearly to decide whether its origin was of a Masonic character or otherwise; and it is certain that many of the ceremonies and rites by which its proceedings were characterised, approached to the ritual of the Ancient Free and Accepted Order, but as that resemblance fails to identify itself with the landmarks of Freemasonry, the truth must still remain a matter of speculation. It is far from being our object in this sketch to justify all the proceedings of the free judges; like all human authority they were subject to the influences of passions, prejudices, and feelings, which are inseparable from our nature. Our object is merely to show its mysterious power, the perfect despotism which it exercised over its actions, its members compelled the father to denounce the son—the brother to take the brother's life—if sentence were once passed by the banded judges. In forming our opinion of the Institution, much should be allowed for the peculiar state of the German empire at the period when the Vheme flourished. Feudalism in all its anti-social terrors, existed; the warlike nobility of the age claimed a jurisdiction in life and property over their vassals, and were each sovereigns on their own estates. The Vheme, like most abuses, grew out of the social disorganization of the country; outlived the necessity which called it into existence, and, like most phenomena, has left no successor to the world. It was on a cold stormy night in the month of December, towards the close of the fourteenth century, that a traveller, mounted upon a jaded steed, endeavored to trace the bridle path through the forest of Blitzfield, which skirts the borders of Suabia. Although the minivar-lined cloak, golden chain, and gilt spurs of the horseman denoted that his rank was a noble, yet his o'er-soiled dress, worn steed, and look of alarm at the least sound made by the rustling of the trees as the roused fawn bounded from its cover at the sound of his horse's steps, at once proclaimed him a hunted fugitive. "I cannot have mistaken the track!" exclaimed Graf Ulrich, for such was the name and rank of the traveller. "Years have elapsed since I hunted in the green woods of Blitzfield, but the scenes are too fresh in my memory, to permit me to be mistaken. Ha! ha!" he continued, as an ancient cross, half bedded in ivy and moss, met his view, "I am right; there stands the Abbot's cross. Thank Heaven! I am out of his jurisdiction, and safe in the lands of my cousin, Herman of Wolfenstein. The priest bears no great love to our house, and would scarcely have risked the ban of the empire to have afforded me shelter." Thus communing with himself, the proscribed man once more urged his half-worn steed along the narrow and precipitous path which led to the refuge from which he had for so many years been a wanderer. Some doubts of the kind of reception he was likely to meet with from the relative whose hospitality and goodness he was about to claim, evidently oppressed him; for at intervals the following disjointed soliloquy might have been overheard from him:—"Will Wolfenstein protect me!" muttered Ulrich, "he hath a kind heart, and I'm sure he loved me—did," bitterly added the unhappy man, as the recollections of the crimes and oppressions which had divided him from his once chosen friend, rushed upon his soul—"did love me. And why not still? My hand may be red, but it hath ever been faithful to him. I may have braved the ban of the free-judges, but have never broken faith with him. Shelter and security I may at least rely upon."

Four persons were seated in the guest chamber of Wolfenstein; its young noble owner, and three travellers, whose staid demeanor, sober costume, and severe countenances, would, to the eye of physiognomists, have proclaimed them to be magistrates, or persons clothed in the terrors of authority. "You have heard the will of the tribunal!" exclaimed the elder. "Count of Wolfenstein—your answer." "I cannot do it!" exclaimed their young host, starting from his seat, his jewelled breast heaving with the powerful emotions by which he was distracted. "Ulrich was—is my friend, for in the hour of his danger I feel that he is dear to me as ever; and you ask that I should deliver him into the hands of the Vheme. I cannot do it." "He is a murderer," drily iterated the first speaker, "under the ban of the Empire and the Most Holy Vheme." "He is my friend," exclaimed Wolfenstein, "and despite his follies—nay crimes if you will," added the young noble, who saw that the stern brother was about to interrupt him. "To me he hath ever been a kind one. Cursed be the hour when I became your associate—in which I bartered my liberty for your empty honors! I renounce your band of blood and claim my liberty. Ulrich is my friend, and shall not perish." "Count of Wolfenstein!" exclaimed the elder, rising with dignity. "I can feel for the agony of the friend, but must still perform my duty. Resistance on your part were as mad as useless. Once let me proclaim my dignity as Chief of the Free-Judges, not one of all your followers would raise a sword in your defence, even should I demand your life instead of your degenerate cousin's. My retinue, consisting of all sworn brothers, are ready to perform my will. Painful as our mutual position is, it is the result of circumstances over which we have no control. Perform your duty, as I am resolute in the execution of mine." A horn sounded at the gate of the castle as the speaker concluded; the seneschal, in a few moments afterwards entered the apartment, and announced the arrival of Count Ulrich. "Your answer," demanded the Chief of the Vheme, drawing forth his abacus, the ensign of his authority, as he spoke. "Do as you please," murmured the Count of Wolfenstein. I am unable to dispute my destiny; but must it be this very night, and here, in these halls, where he hath ever been a welcome, honored guest?" "This very hour," answered the stern Judge. "Wouldst thou that he should first break thy bread, and drink of thy cup? and then——" "Not for worlds!" interrupted the Count of Wolfenstein. "Let me not add the sin of violated hospitality to blood. The chamber shall be prepared, and the victim unmoned." "Herman tarries long," muttered the weary Ulrich, as he strode impatiently up and down the wide hall of his cousin's castle. "I was not used to meet so slight attendance. No matter," he added, bitterly. "I was then the courted and powerful Ulrich—the first of Suabia's Nobles. What am I now? A hunted outlaw—the empire's ban upon me." Two servitors, plainly dressed, bearing torches of the mountain pine, entered the hall, and informed him that they were commanded to attend him to the presence of his friend. "'Tis strange," muttered Ulrich, glancing suspiciously at their garments, "such are not the liveries of Wolfenstein. Are you the born vassels of my cousin," he asked, "or merely casual servitors?" "We are the attendants of his guest, who sojourns with him." The men threw open the doors of the hall as they spoke, and Ulrich followed them from the apartment. On entering the room to which he was conducted, Ulrich, bold as he was by nature, started. He beheld the black banner of the Vheme planted in the centre of the room, and twelve judges, each armed with a cord ready to execute the fatal decree already pronounced. He felt that his hour was come. "Brothers of the Vheme!" he cried, "I am prepared to die—no wish to avoid the penalty I have incurred; but I am noble—the dagger not the cord. Be satisfied with blood—add not dishonour." "The Vheme!" exclaimed a masked judge, who, unarmed, stood before the banner, "extends not its mercy to those who fly from its justice, or arraign its authority; for such it decrees the cord and shame." At this moment the judges seized their victim, and one placed the fatal noose upon his neck. "Wolfenstein!" frantically exclaimed the struggling victim, "is this thy friendship!"—"Receive its gift," exclaimed the judge nearest to him, at the same time plunging a dagger in his heart, "it frees thee from dishonor." The speaker raised his mask as he spoke. The dying man seized the hand of his executioner and friend, and pressed it to his lips. "Thanks, thanks," he murmured. "I die no felon's death. The hand of Wolfenstein has saved my honour!"

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scorrior House, near Redruth, in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol, a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the Chancellor; to which Mrs. Williams naturally replied, that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed, and go to sleep as soon as he could.

He did so; but shortly after he again woke her and said that he had, a second time, had the same dream; whereupon she observed that he had been so much agitated with his former dream, that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged of him to compose himself and go to sleep, which he did.

A third time the same vision was repeated, on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would lie quiet and endeavour to forget it, he arose (then between one and two o'clock) and dressed himself. At breakfast the dreams were the sole subject of conversation, and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all his acquaintances that he met. On the following day Mr. Tucker of Trematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scorrior House on a visit, and arrived about dusk. Immediately after the first salutations on their entering the parlour, where were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams, Mr. Williams began to relate to Mr. Tucker the circumstance of his dreams, and Mrs. W. observed to her daughter, Mrs. T., laughingly, that her father could not even suffer Mr. Tucker to be seated before he told him of his nocturnal visitation; on the statement of which Mr. Tucker observed, that it would do very well for a dream to have the Chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but that he would not be found there in reality. And Mr. Tucker then asked what sort of a man he appeared to be, when Mr. Williams described him minutely; to which Mr. Tucker replied, "Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but is certainly very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and, although he has been to me the greatest enemy I have ever met with through life (for a supposed cause which had no foundation in truth), [or words to that effect] I should be exceedingly sorry indeed to hear of his being assassinated, or of any injury of the kind happening to him."

Mr. Tucker then inquired of Mr. Williams if he had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and was told that he had never seen him, nor had ever written to him, either on public or private business; in short, that he had never had any thing to do with him, nor had he ever been in the House of Commons in his lifetime. At this moment Mr. Williams and Mr. Tucker, still standing, heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately after, Mr. Michael Williams, of Trevince (son of Mr. Williams, of Scorrior), entered the room and said that he had galloped out from Truro (from which Scorrior is seven miles distant), having seen a gentleman there who had come by that evening's mail from town, who said that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man, called Bellingham, had shot Mr. Perceval; and that, as it might occasion some great ministerial changes, and might affect Mr. Tucker's political friends, he had come out as fast as he could to make him acquainted with it, having heard at Truro that he had passed through that place in the afternoon, on his way to Scorrior.

After the astonishment which this intelligence created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most minutely the appearance and dress of the man that he saw in his dream fire the pistol at the Chancellor. About six weeks after, Mr. Williams, having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the House of Commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps at the entrance of the lobby, he said, "This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house," and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham actually stood when he fired, and which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, where he fell. The dress both of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham agreed with the description given by Mr. Williams even to the most minute particulars.

The foregoing dream is the more marvellous and astonishing on account of the striking conformity of its details to those of a contemporary event, which was performed nearly three hundred miles from the person of the dreamer. Moreover, to silence all those doubts which those who fancy they can theorise upon dreams continually offer to the public, when anything of the kind becomes realized, it must be stated, that the person who dreamed the dream is now alive; the witnesses to whom he made known the particulars of it at the time are also living; and the whole comes therefore under the denomination of a special and undoubted type or warning of what afterwards happened. The great respectability of the parties, who are ready (as they have assured the author) to make oath on the subject, sets aside every appearance of wishing to impose upon public credulity. It is here recorded as a matter of fact, which may cause the sceptic to pause ere he pronounces all dreams as the offspring of the imagination, or the effects of bodily infirmities. From the Royal Book of Dreams.

BORROWING A GRIDIRON,

OR, PADDY MULLOWNY'S ADVENTURE IN FRANCE.

A certain old gentleman in the West of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox hunting, was wont upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants who was exceeding fond of what he called his *travels*—and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps more than all, long and faithful services, had established a sort of right of loquacity. He was one of those few and trusty domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "troth you won't sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and children," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing; on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory step in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might perchance, assail Pat thus: By the bye Sir John, (addressing a distinguished guest,) Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat, (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself,) you remember the queer adventure you had in France." "Troth I do Sir," grins forth Pat. "What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France!" "Indeed, he was," cried my host—and Pat adds, "ay, and farther, plaze yer honor;" "I assure you Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French." "Indeed," rejoins the baronet, "really I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people." "Troth then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat. "Oh, by no means" adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically. I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic," says *the master*, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading him into the "full and true account," (for Pat had thought fit to visit "North Amerikay," for "a rason he had," in the autumn of the year '98.) "Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself. "It was the time I was lost in crossin' the broad Atlantic a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital—"when the winds began to blow, and sea to *rowl*, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas*, (that was her name) would not have a mast left but would rowl out of her. Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord, at last, and the pumps were choak'd (divil choak them for that same,) and ov course the wather gained an us, and troth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down as the sailors call it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkets, and a cashk o' pork, and a kak o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard and any other little matthers we could think ov in the mortial hurry we were in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for by daylite, the *Colleen dhas* went down like a lump o' lead, afore we were many sthrokes o' the oar away from her. Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' put up a piece ov sail as well as we could, for we darnt show a stitch o' canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure its the wondher o' the world we worn't swallo'd alive by the ragin' *sea*—well, away we wint; for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-looking eyes but the canopy ov heaven and wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—divil a thing was to be seen but the sea and the sky, and though the sea and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, still in all, yet by my sowl the're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough, troth our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—troth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and oh! it was *thin* that starvation began to stare uz in the face—"Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint," says I, "I wish we could see land any where," says I. "More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, "for such a good wish, and troth its myself that wishes the same." "Oh God grant it," says I, "dear sweet queen of heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island," says I, "inhabited wid Turks, sure they would'nt be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bit and a sup."

"Whist, whist, Paddy," says the captain, "don't be talkin bad of any one," says he, "you don't know how soon you may want a good word put for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a suddent," says he. "Thrue for you, captain darlint," says I—(I called him *darlint*, and made free wid him, you see bekase disthress makes uz all equal)—"thrue for you captain, jewel; God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite—and troth that was only trute. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor, the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld; well, at the break o' day the sun riz most beautifully out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver, and as clear as crysthal. But it was only the more cruel upon uz, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land; by gor, I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and thunder an' ouns, captain," says I, "look to leeward!" says I.—"What for?" says he. "I think I see the land," says I, so he ups with his *bring 'em near*, (that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir,) and looks out, and, sure 'nough it was.

"Hurra!" says he, "we're all right now: pull away my boys," says he. "Take care you're not mistaken," says I, "may be it's only a fog-bank, captain darlint," says I. "Oh no," says he, "its the land in *airnest*." "Oh then whereabouts in the wide world are we?" says I. "Captain, may be it be in Roosia, Proosia, or the German Oceant," says I. "Tut you fool," says he, (for he had that consisted way with him—thinkin himself cleverer than any one else) "tut you fool," says he, "that's *France*," says he. "Fire an' ouns," says I, "do you tell me so—and how do you know it's France it is captain, dear?" says I. "Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishkay we're in now," says he. "Troth, I was thinkin' so myself," says I, "by the *rowl* it has, for I often heard ov it in regard o' that same, and troth the likes ov it I never seen before nor sense, and with the help o' God never will.

Well, with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, "Captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron."

"Why then," says he, "thunder and turf," says he, "what puts a gridiron into your head?" "Bakase I'm starvin with the hunger," says I. "And sure bad luck to you, says he, "you couldn't ate a gridiron," says he, "barrin' you wor a *Pelican o' the Wildherness*," says he. "Ate a gridiron," says I, "och, in troth I'm not sich a *gammoch* all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dhress a beef-steak," says I. "Arrah! but where's the beef-steak to dhress," says he. "Sure, couldn't we cut a slice off the pork," says I. "By gor I never thought of that," says the captain. "You're a clever fellow, Paddy," says he laughin'. "Oh there's many a thrue word said in a joke," says I. "Thrue for you, Paddy," says he. "Well, then," says I, "if you put me ashore beyont," for we were nearin' the land all the time, "and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I. "Oh by gor, the butther's comin' o' the stir about, in airnest now," says he, "you *gommoch*," says he, "sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all *furriners* (foreigners) there," says the captain. "Well," says I, "and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim." "What do you mane?" "I mane," says I, "what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim." "Make me sensible," says he. "By dad, may be that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do," says I; and we began to laugh at him, for I tho't I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the *German oceant*. "Leave off your humbuggin," says he, "I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all." "*Parley voo Frongsay*," says I. "Oh your humble sarvent," says he, "by gor you're a scholar Paddy." "Troth, you may say that," says I. "Why, *you're a clever fellow, Paddy*," says the captain jeerin' like. "Troth you're not the first said that," said I, "whether you joke or no." "Oh, but I'm in airnest," says the captain, "and do you tell me Paddy," says he, "that you spake Frinch?" "*Parley voo Frongsay*," says I. "By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil—I never met the like o' you, Paddy," says he, "pull away boys and put Paddy ashore, and may be we won't get a good belly-full before long." So with that it was no sooner said than done; they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time; and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got, and its stiff enough I was in my limbs afther being cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger! But I contrived to scrimble on, one way or the other, towards a little bit of a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin out of it quite temptin' like.

"'By my sowl,' says I, 'I'm all right; there's a house *there*,' says I—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and children, ating their dinner round a table quite convaniently. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to them, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty perlite intirely, and I thought I'd shew them I knew what good manners was. So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here.' Well, to be sure they all stopt ating at wanst, and began to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance, and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all, more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty perlite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron, and so says I, 'I beg your pardon for the liberty I take, but its only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble you, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, knowing what was in their minds; 'indade its thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tathered to pieces, and God knows I'm queer enough, but it's by reason of the storm,' says I, 'which dhrive us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I. So they began to look at each other again, and myself seeing at wanst that dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity; with that says I, 'Oh not at all,' says I, 'by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow. Well, sir, the devil a bit, but they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I begun to think that may be the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all, at all, and so says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine old man, with a head of hair as white as silver; 'maybe I'm under a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furriners,' says I—'parley voo Frongsay?' 'We, Moseer,' says he. 'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase.' Oh it was then that they stared at me as though I had seven heads; and faith myself began to feel flusthered like and onaisy, and so says I, making a bow and a scrape agin, 'I know its a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but its o' in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plase, sir,' says I—'parley voo Frongsay?' 'We, Moseer,' says he, mighty sharp. 'Thin would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll oblige me.' Well, sir, the owld chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit ov gridiron he'd give me; and so I began to think they were all negars (niggards) for all their fine manners; and troth my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl if it was you in disthriss,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, its not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put on it too, and the dhrop of dhrink in the bargain, and *ceud mile faille*.'

"Well, the word *ceud mile faille* seemed to strike his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at least; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand—'Parley—voo—Frongsay, Monseer?' 'We, Moseer,' says he, 'then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad luck to you.' Well, bad win to the bit ov it he'd giv me, and the owld chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs. 'Phoo! to the divil I pitch yoursel and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all, at all; 'but can't you lis-' ten to reason?' says I: 'parley voo Frongsay? 'We, Moseer.' 'Then thunder and turf, will you lind me the loan of a gridiron, and howld your prate?' Well, what would you think, but he shook his owld nodle, as much as to say he would'nt; and so says I, 'But luck to the likes ov that I ever seen: troth if you wor in my country its not in that way they'd use you; the curse of the crows on you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.' So he seen I was vexed, and I thought, as I was turning away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turning back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more, you owld thief; are you a christian at all, at all? are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world calls so perlite? bad luck to you; do you understand your language? Parley voo Frongsay?' says I. 'We, Moseer,' says he. 'Then blood and ouns,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' Well, sir, divil receave the bit of it he'd gi' me, and so with that 'the curse ov the hungry an you, you owld negarly villain,' says I, 'the back ov my hand and the sowl ov my fut to you: that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I, 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear ov you,' says I; and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away; and in troth, its often since that *I thought that it was remarkable*."

Specimen of English Advertisements.—"*To Executors, Widows, and others*—"The advertiser, a respectable established tradesman, as a tailor and trimming seller, residing in the vicinity of London, wishes to meet with an elderly master tailor, desirous to retire from the active duties of business to join him in partnership, the advertiser's trade being rather small, fully to employ his active mind; or a lady, left with a snug business, in the tailoring, or any other light genteel line, who might wish to avail herself of the assistance of an experienced domesticated man of business, of pleasing and agreeable manners, to co-operate with her. Should this meet the eye of any person, as above described, such may depend the present is an opportunity seldom to be met with. References the most respectable will be given and required."

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

Next Tuesday the races commence on the Union Course, and with a magnificent race will they open—a Four mile race in which some of the best sportsmen in the nation are engaged. Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS and Mr. WALTER LIVINGSTON, of our own State, Capt. STOCKTON, of the Navy, and Col. JOHN HEPH, of Virginia, are the gentlemen engaged in the great race on that day, and one hardly knows upon which to invoke the smiles of fortune. It will be a gallant race between the gallant four year olds—*Job*, *Fordham*, *Caroline*, and *Jack Kremer*. Every lady in New York should be present to witness such a race. "A half dozen pairs of gloves with you, Madame, that I name the winner!"—"Be cautious, Mde'selle, that you do not let Job's luckless cognomen frighten you to the wrong side."—"And you, my lady, think not that the blood and gallant bearing of her owner can give the race to *Caroline*.

A mint of money is at stake upon this race, and the ladies must go, if but to see how staunchly men can bear reverses in the field, if they have but bright eyes to "reign influence" on them in misfortune. The ladies must be told that every preparation is made at the house of the Proprietor, and at the Course, for their reception and their accommodation. Friday, hitherto, has been the "great day;" but it is so no longer. A field of four-mile horses like those to contend for the $8000, on Tuesday, is rarely brought together, and still more rarely are gentlemen opposed to each other in a race, whose success interests so large a number in society. Capt. STOCKTON and Col. HETH are expected by the "Great Western" from Europe, in time to see their horses go.

To enliven the scene, an important sweepstake, at a less distance, comes off the same day. That alone, so large is the amount at stake, would call out a good field, without the attraction of the great day. Therefore do we say to every lover of sport—to every individual who would enjoy the pleasures of the Course in their palmiest state, go down on the Island on Tuesday next, and witness the great race.

We need not say to our sporting readers that the coming week will be one of the greatest interest in our racing annals. More Southern horses will be here than in any recent year. We shall look for good fields, and on Tuesday, especially, shall we expect to see every road to the Course thronged with beauty and fashion.

Sale of Blood Stock.—We announce, with much regret, that the Hon. BALIE PEYTON has determined upon the sale of his entire stock of thorough-breds. We can readily understand that he finds the care of a Stud Farm conflicts too much with his professional exertions at the bar, but we would rather that he should relinquish the latter than retire altogether from the Turf. But let us hope (as, indeed, we do surmise) that as soon as his great eminence in his profession has secured to him all the ample emoluments which he desires, and which he is now enjoying in profusion, that he will come again into the field as the breeder of fine stock.

We call the attention of all readers to the list of his stock, which he will find on the 10th page of our paper to-day. No such stock has, of late days, been offered for the competition of breeders. We say this with particular reference to the two brood mares in his stud, *Black Maria* and *Maria Shepherd*. The former is as extensively known to fame as any horse in America, for has not her image, true to the life, been circulated through the "Spirit of the Times?" Nothing need be said in her praise. Her brown filly foal, by Luzborough, called the *Great Western*, is the first entry in the "Peyton Stake," and is very promising, and she will undoubtedly command a very high price. She is to be sold with her engagement. Maria Shepherd is the dam of *Lilac*, *Tishimingo*, and other winners, and her bay colt *Hector*, by Priam, is likewise entered in the "Peyton Stake." We need say no more of young Hector than that he is by the prince of horses, and out of the dam of many winners.

The rest of the stock is likewise well worthy of attention, and the reader will please turn to them. Any information which we can give gentlemen in this section of the country, as to prices, and the like, we shall be most happy to communicate.

Splendid Sweepstakes.—The attention of our readers, especially at the south-west, is directed to the announcement in another column of some Stakes recently opened in Alabama and Louisiana. One is worthy of a longer notice than can be crowded into our paper this week, the entries to which are headed by VAN LEER, with the produce of Janette and Eclipse. We will recur to these stakes at another time.

Canada Races.—American turfmen are directed to an advertisement of the "City of Toronto and York Co. U. C. Races." They will be welcomed by the English sportsmen with much pleasure, as we are expressly desired to state. It would go far to allay the jealousies of the inhabitants of the two frontiers, if gentlemen from this side the line would go over with their horses, and engage in the friendly competition of the Course with their Canadian neighbors.

St. Louis Races.—We have received meagre reports through the newspapers of the two St. Louis meetings, but they are quite too meagre for us to publish till we have waited a fair time to hear from those interested in the horses which have run. At the meeting over the Sulphur Spring Course, Mr. SCRUGGS' *Little Barton* beat *Bonny Black* at four mile heats, in 8:30—8:31; and Mr. LANE'S *Ethiopia*, won the three mile purse, beating *Jessica*, who bolted, and was distanced.

At the "St. Louis Course," *Mortimer* won a purse at mile heats. All the horses we have now named, save Little Barton, were bred, and are well known here.

Query.—Does Mr. KIRBY know that in calling his Shark colt out of Imp. Invalid, Camden, he is trespassing upon another man's property? Camden is already appropriated by a horse by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Rasselas. Let us christen the colt anew, Mr. Kirby!

TURF CONVENTION.

So desirable do we deem a Convention of the friends of the turf, with a view to the adoption of a uniform code of rules, and the establishment of a Court of Appeal for doubtful points, that we should gladly advocate it with such ability as we could command, had the project not found an abler supporter in the gentleman who first suggested it. The proposition is worthy of the most serious consideration of turfmen. The permanent well-being of the turf depends not alone upon any one, or two Jockey Clubs, or States. The character of all sportsmen suffers by every act of injustice, or by any suspicion of unfair management, that may be attached to the most insignificant Club or Association The direct method of avoiding the hazard of foul play, and any purpose of it, is the creation of a tribunal, the power of which, may be brought to bear *directly* upon all clubs formed, as auxiliary to it, or with an acknowledgement of its jurisdiction,—and *indirectly*, as by exclusion—upon all other clubs.

There would be no hazard of conflicting jurisdictions, for in associations for the promotion of sport, and the improvement of the breed of horses, there are no diverse interests to be concerned, no sectional jealousies to allay; it is our pride, and our boast, that, in the pleasures of the turf, common good and manly amusement, are the only *ends* of association, and perfect honour the principle of constitution.

A board of umpires, or a central Jockey Club which should give law in general questions, to the local clubs, could by no possibility be actuated by motives of interest; composed as it would be of gentlemen of the highest moral worth, from different sections of the country, the local influence of an individual, which sometimes tyrannizes in a small association, is neutralized, or stripped of all power save that which integrity of purpose, and intelligence as to means, should ever command.

To pursue in the details the advantages which would accrue from the formation of an "American Jockey Club," would take us beyond the limits we had marked out for this discussion, or trench upon the ground covered by our correspondent in the following, and in a preceding letter. A uniformity of decision as to Betting, general rules governing the Entrances to Stakes, and the Payment of Forfeits, a more uniform Adjustment of Weights, a strict Regulation of Running Heats,—these are obvious and palpable results of a Turf Convention, which should provide us with a constitution for "The American Jockey Club." But by far the most commanding consideration upon our own minds, is the respectability and dignity which it would confer upon the Sports of the Turf, in the United States. To the "Jockey Club" in England, and the consideration commanded by its members in general society, by their wealth, by their intelligence, and by their moral worth, is to be attributed the high and palmy state of the Turf in Great Britain. Racing is the National Sport of that country, and so will it continue to be, as long as its manly pleasures, so natural to man, and especially to the Anglo-Saxon race, shall be hedged in from abuse, or the suspicion of abuse, by an Association of Gentlemen, sans peur et sans reproche.

Will not turfmen be persuaded to give the subject their attention, and commune together upon the practicability and the propriety of the preliminary step—a Turf Convention, to be held next winter at Washington? That city is named by us because it has been suggested by the originator of the whole plan in his letter from Natchez, because Congress will then be in session, and because general political conventions are to be held there, or at a city still further North, during the approaching session. And may we not further call upon gentlemen, for the expression of their views upon the whole proposition,—persuaded that whatever may be the decision as to the precise plan marked out by our correspondent, a general discussion of the subject will inevitably promote the interests and the respectability of the Turf?

NATCHEZ, May 3, 1839.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.—The idea suggested in my communication of the 20th ult. of a Convention at Washington, on first Saturday December next, to be composed of subscribers to certain sweepstakes, derives additional importance from the want of union and concert among the friends of the turf, and the absence of an efficient and systematic arrangement by which abuses and evils may be corrected. Questions of difference of opinion are constantly occurring, and, for want of some competent tribunal, whose decisions shall be final and conclusive, are liable to the contradictory decisions of local Jockey Club Associations, so that the rules of one Club are, in many essential particulars, diametrically opposite to those of another in the same part of the country. All will admit the importance of harmony and uniformity, both of rules and decisions, in turf matters, the more especially as the universal practice of running heats is obnoxious to numerous abuses, which are not incident to races of one heat, and which the prosperity of the turf requires should be settled upon fixed principles. It would be in the power of the proposed Convention to frame a code of laws, applicable to the stakes in which they are engaged, (and who so fit and competent as those interested and experienced in such matters to frame wise and salutary laws?) that shall govern, with such modifications as each may make, all the Jockey Clubs in the Union that adopt them. There might be established at Washington a National Association, or National Jockey Club, the Stewards of which, learned in turf lore, should sit annually for deciding all questions that might be submitted from the auxiliary or provincial Clubs. Alterations and amendments might be made by a convention of delegates from the affiliated associations.

This may appear to be a formal and grave scheme of legislation for such an object, but when it is considered there are more than one hundred Jockey Clubs, each having its own rules and race course—that 1000 races of heats are annually run—that some $150,000 of public money is contributed annually to the encouragement of racing—that some 150 thorough-bred stallions are kept for improving the racing stock, that a vast capital and immense labor are employed, and that a deep interest is felt among all classes in this subject. We say, when all these things are duly considered and appreciated, it will not, we are persuaded, be thought an object of too insignificant importance for the assemblage of a National Convention of turfites, for the purpose of deliberating on these great interests, and taking all necessary and proper means for their advancement. If the proposed sweepstakes should meet the approbation of the racing public generally, we might expect a numerous subscription from individuals, and confederations of individuals, more or less engaged in breeding and racing; and as each nomination would be represented in Convention, it would offer a most favorable opportunity for Jockey Clubs to appoint delegates to assist the deliberations of the Convention in maturing a code of laws for the whole country. These matters might be brought before the different Clubs during the ensuing Autumn meetings, by which time it will be known whether the Convention is likely to be held or not. All projected innovations on the rules or system of racing—all litigated questions might be submitted for consideration. Discussion would be elicited, and the affairs of the turf would receive a fresh impulse from the gathering together of its friends from remote and distant points, and the best effects would most likely result from the deliberations of such a body.

Means should be devised, if practicable, to render racing more acceptable and attractive to the public—more popular among honest and respectable people of all stations in life. Whenever public money is contributed, it is but reasonable that the contributors should be remunerated by having a spirited contest and good sport. If compromises, or collusions, or any other unfair practices, are resorted to, to detract from the pleasure of the exhibition, or disappoint the expectations of the company, the cause of the turf will so far suffer. Gentlemen long connected with the turf must become familiar with all the causes of failures and disappointments, and they will be enabled to apply the proper corrective. When public expectation has been excited to the highest pitch, it not unfrequently happens that collusions between inferior horses prevent the best from winning. Such a state of things could not exist if the race were decided in a single heat, and it appears to us that it would be an important desideratum to adopt such amendments of existing rules, as to render races of heats unexceptionable in this respect. Every horse has a clear right to run as he pleases, either a waiting race, or go for the heat, and the public are often deceived from appearances, and thus induced to venture their money against a horse that was designedly held back in the first heat. Some improvement has been effected by shortening the distance stands, but it is questionable whether they might not to advantage be still further curtailed. Again, it might be worthy of enquiry, what effect would it have to give a horse his stakes, who might win a heat, and not be afterwards distanced? Doubtless it would be the means of increasing the field, and would stimulate competition for each heat. Or the second horse in the race might be rewarded with part of the purse, as is frequently done in England. These matters, and many others, which cannot well be adopted experimentally by insulated Jockey Clubs, would properly come under the consideration of a National Convention.

If the proposed sweepstakes—viz., three stakes annually for three years, $1000 each, $250 ft., time, place, distance, &c., &c., to be settled by a convention of the subsbribers the first Saturday of December next, at Washington, should meet with favor from the leaders of the turf in Virginia, Maryland, New York, &c, we have no doubt their names would bring forth a numerous subscription from the West and South-west. Let them start this thing and head the list, and we will follow. A SUBSCRIBER TO THE PEYTON STAKES.

TRENTON (N.J.) SPRING RACES.

Notwithstanding the threatened storm of rain, a very handsome attendance graced the opening day of the Meeting, of which the following report is submitted:—

TUESDAY, May 28, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Four subs. at $300 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph	*Wm. Glees*	2	1	1
W. B. Stockton's Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel		1	2	2
J. H. Hellings' (for Owners) ch. c. by Star, out of Melinda		3	dist.	
W. B. Stockton's Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville		pd.	ft.	

Time, 1:52—1:57½—2:01.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Six subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Dayton*, by Tormentor, dam by Tuckahoe	*Wm. Sears*	1	1	
W. B. Stockton's Imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven		2	2	

Time, 1:56—2:03.

In the first race Passaic won the 1st heat handily; in the 2d heat he run restive; he was the favorite at odds before the start, though it was generally known that he had not been doing well of late. The latter remark will apply to the Tranby filly, though her performance eclipses most of those made by the get of that horse, Chateau Margaux, and Gohanna, this season.

WEDNESDAY, May 29—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. old colts, 104lbs. on each. Three subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's (Combs & Ellis') ch. c. *Eliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Amanda by Revenge	*Abram*	1	1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. *Buckeye*, by Critic, dam by Oscar		2	2

Time, 1:52—1:55.

Both heats were won handily by Eliptic, who was the favorite at 5 to 1; it had rained terribly almost all the night previous, but at 1 o'clock the track was in pretty good order; indeed, there is not a better soil for a race course in the Union.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for all ages, 3 yr. olds to carry 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Prospect*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs	*Abram*	0	1	2	1
J. H. Hellings' (for Owners) ch. c. *Borak*, by Andrew, out of the dam of Trifle and Charlotte Russe, by Cicero, 4 yrs		3	3	1	2
Jas. B. Kendall's ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancy by Alfred, 4 yrs		0	2	3	dr

Time, 1:52½—1:52—1:53—1:58.

Prospect was the favorite at 10 to 7 vs. the field. Windsor led in the 1st heat to the half-mile post, where Prospect challenged, and a desperate struggle ensued to the finish, the Judges pronouncing it a dead heat. These two made a brush for the lead in the 2d heat, but Prospect having the inside, maintained the track, and won by a length. Borak looked so much better than the other two, that he was now backed freely vs. them; Windsor appeared lame. After two false starts, they were sent off with a shocking bad one, Borak getting three lengths advantage; he, however, won the heat by a length only. He is named, we presume, for the steed upon which Mahomet ascended to Paradise (according to the Koran). He is a chesnut, with white stockings on both left feet, and a star and narrow stripe; he has a better loin than his half sister, Charlotte Russe, but does not equal her in any other respect. He cooled off badly, and once more the odds were in favor of Prospect, who made a brush for the track, and got it on the 1st quarter, and after a very game and interesting race, won it by two or three lengths.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse $400, of which $200 goes to the 2d best horse, if more than two start, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Rocker*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.	*Gil Patrick*	1	1
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Clarion*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs		2	2
J. B. Kendall's (Chas. Goddard's) b. c. *Hoosier*, by Critic, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs		dist.	

Time, 3:48—3:46.

The odds were 100 to 30 on Rocker, who had the track, and Gil on his back. Clarion having accidentally lost an eye recently, and been thrown out of training, was not much fancied; he made a fine race of it though, notwithstanding, driving the winner up to about as good time as has been made this season, the weights and track considered. By the by, it is believed by those best acquainted with him that there are not above three or four horses in the United States that can beat Rocker two mile heats. In his race to-day he won the first heat by several lengths, and the second by little more than half a length, though it was perfectly evident that Gil. was ordered to *draw it very fine*. The Virginians will catch a hard fall, if he *gets too far North* while in Arthur Taylor's hands.

On *Thursday* a large field for each purse, attracted a very numerous and respectable assemblage, including several hundred persons from Philadelphia and New York. The purse of $700, Three mile heats, brought to the post Capt. Stockton's *Langford*, Mr. Kendall's *Master Henry*, Mr. Van Mater's *Hornblower*, Mr. Raisen's *Sam Croaker*, and Col. Johnson's *Wonder*. The latter was the favorite at 90 to 100 vs. the field; Langford was the second favorite, and considerable sums were laid out about him against Hornblower and Master Henry; Sam Croaker was out of the race, shillings to pence being offered and taken, that he would be distanced. Not a horse in the field was in condition to start; Langford and Wonder were especially weak, while Hornblower, it was well-known, had been mincing his feed ever since he took cold on the Beacon Course. Two days previous, Master Henry in a trial, ran against a cow, broke three of her ribs, and turned a double summerset; of course, his chance to win was very remote, unless four or five heats were run.

The Race.—Master Henry went off with the lead, and with Sam Croaker made the running for about two miles and a quarter, the other three going along in hand, at a very moderate stride. After passing the stand at the finish of the 2d mile, Hornblower came out of the crowd, and in half a dozen strokes cut down the party, taking the track with ease. Gil brought up Wonder in the last half mile, but he could not reach "the Blowing Horn of Jersey," who won hard in hand, the field pulling up inside the distance stand, and walking in, otherwise the placing would have been entirely different.

Langford not having made a stroke for the 1st heat, was now 1st favorite, and 2 to 1 was bet freely vs. Wonder. The time of the 1st heat was so slow, (5:55) that even bets were made that the 2d heat would be 10 seconds better, the parties relying upon Hornblower and Langford to make that time;—both sweat out and cooled off finely, and a considerable amount was laid out about them, Langford having rather the advantage in the betting.

In the second heat Sam Croaker burst off at a slashing pace, with Master Henry lying 2d, and Hornblower 3d, all well up. At the half mile post the song of the Croaker was out, and Master Henry was in difficulty; it is stated that the latter twice ran against the former, which accounts, in his owner's opinion, for his being distanced. In about one hundred yards Hornblower, with his gigantic stride, cut them both down, and it was not until the commencement of the second mile that Langford could get up within three lengths of him. At the half mile post of the 3d mile Master Henry was out of his distance, and Sam Croaker a distance behind him, owing to a desperate brush made by Wonder, some 300 yards previous, in which he outfooted Langford, and got 2d. He never reached the Jersey colt, however, who won gallantly by three or four lengths, in 5:45, running from the head of the stretch home with a stride and strength that would have become Mingo, the champion of the North, in his palmiest days.

The second race was of no account; Trenton was the favorite at 10 to 1, and won handily, being the fourth winner out of the same stable in two days.

Record:—

THURSDAY, May 30—Purse $700, of which $200 goes to 2d best horse if more than two start, weights as before. Three mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's br. h. *Hornblower*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards, 4 yrs	*Abram*	1	1	
W. R. Johnson's (E. H. Pendleton's) b. c. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro' by Rattler, 4 yrs		5	2	
Capt. R. F. Stockton's Imp. br. h. *Langford*, by Starch, out of Peri, (the dam of Sir Hercules,) by Wanderer, 6 yrs		2	3	
James B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, out of Balie Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs		4	dist.	
R. W. Raisen's b. c. *Sam Croaker*, by Uncle Sam, out of Alley-Croaker, 4 yrs		3	dist.	

Time, 5:55—5:45.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before. Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Trenton*, by Eclipse Lightfoot, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs	*Abram*	1	1
Jas. K. Van Mater's ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Modesty by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs		2	2
J. H. Helling's b. c. *Jock*, by Maryland Eclipse, out of Lady Cliffden's dam, 4 yrs		dist.	
Ann Callendar and *Shepherdess* were also entered, but on the morning of the race were		dr.	

Time, 1:51—1:53.

On *Friday* an immense concourse of spectators were assembled on the course; a great number arrived by the cars from New York and Philadelphia, while the Jerseymen turned out in most formidable bodies; we had the curiosity to count

the number of carriages of various kinds inside of the gates, and found them to amount to *two hundred and seventy-two!* The meeting throughout was exceedingly well attended, and a disposition to support the enterprising proprietor was manifest on all hands. That he is determined to merit this liberal patronage is evidenced by the fact, that he will give at the ensuing Fall meeting a purse of $1500 for Four mile heats, $1000 for Three mile heats, $700 for Two mile heats, and several other purses, making the largest amount ever offered at one meeting north of Louisiana.

The last heat of the third race yesterday was not over until near six o'clock, and as we did not reach our office until midnight, we had not leisure to make our report as full as we should like; however, our friend and correspondent, "KURNEL WHETSTONE, of the Devil's Fork," has kindly volunteered to "do the clean thing" in our next.

The sport commenced with a Handicap race, mile heats, for which Hard Heart and The Duke, both aged horses, carried 100 lbs each, while Henry A. Wise, a 5 yr old was handicapped to carry 90 lbs. Hard Heart (who was the favorite,) won the 1st heat cleverly in 1:48, but the old horse, who is now 11 or 12 yrs old, could not go the pace a 2d heat; The Duke won the 2d and 3d comparatively easy in 1:50½—1:53½.

There was not so much betting on the Four mile race as was anticipated, Boston being the favorite at 4 to 1. Arthur thought he never looked finer, while a few of the "old hands" entertained a different opinion. Vashti's friends were shy owing to the fact of her owner's want of confidence; it was doubted if she had recovered from the effects of her race at Baltimore, and it was plain to see by her running in the first mile that she had lost her action; she could not extend herself, and was evidently sore and weak.

Decatur led off the 1st heat hard in hand, with Vashti 2d; on the backstretch of the 2d mile, Boston came in front without a scuffle, and led to the end with ease in 7:57. In the 3d mile the field was tailed off so far, that even bets were offered that Decatur would be distanced—also that the Tar river mare would be sent home! "500 to 60 on the Old Whitenose," went a begging! At the end of the 3d mile, Abram, who jockied Vashti, pulled her up by mistake, when odds were offered on Decatur against her; Decatur ran out the last mile in 1:52.

Any odds now went a begging on Boston, while 2 to 1 was current on Decatur vs. Vashti. The 1st mile was run in 2:24½—good *trotting* time—but the three last looked something more like racing. Decatur ran out the last quarter of the last mile in gallant style, being beaten by a length only, but the time was awful—8:24!

The best race of the meeting was the one of Mile heats, with which the ball broke up. There were two dead heats, and the race was not over until six had been run, but for a description of this, we must refer our readers to our friend of the Devil's Fork, who will trot it out in our next. Record:—

FRIDAY, May 31—Handicap Sweepstakes of $50 each, to which the Proprietor added $100. Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. h. *The Duke*, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, aged, 100lbs	*Laird's Jack*	3	1 1
Jas. B. Kendall's b. h. *Henry A. Wise*, by Dashall, out of Robin Hood's dam, 5 yrs., 90lbs		2	2 2
D. McDaniel's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, out of Chuck-a-luck, aged, 100lbs.		1	3 3

Time, 1:48——1:50½—1:53½.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $1500, of which $500 goes to 2d best horse, if more than two start; weights as on Thursday. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs	*Gil Patrick*	1	1
S. Laird's (Sam'l M. Neill's) ch. h. *Decatur*, by Henry, out of Ostrich (Tarquin and Suffolk's dam,) by Eclipse, 6 yrs		2	2
David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy by Bullock's Muckle-John, 4 yrs		3	3

Time, 7:57—8:24.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse $100, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Stanhope*, by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar (Bonny Black's dam), by Rattler, 4 yrs	*Abram*	3	0	0	2	1 1
J. H. Hellings' b. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs		4	0	0	1	2 2
W. Field's (Dr. Poole's) ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 4 yrs		2	4	3	3	3 r.o
E. A. Leary's ch. m. *Shepherdess*, by Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge, aged		1	3	4	4	dist.
W. Stanley's b. c. *Red Rover*, "Stolen, 3 yrs."		5	dist			
Mr. Chain's br. m. *Rodney*, "by Post Boy, 5 yrs."		6	dist.			

Time, 1:55—1:50—1:53—1:56—1:53—1:56½.

TREE HILL (Va.) SPRING RACES.

TUESDAY, April 30, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, the get of Imp. Tranby, Chateau Margaux, and Whale, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Forty-one subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Isham Puckett's (R. M. Royster's) b. c. by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Charles by Sir Charles	2	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (W. H. E. Merrit's) br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Caledonia by Sir Charles	1	2	2
Jas. B. Kendall's gr. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph by Gohanna	3	3	3
Thos. Doswell's b. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Lady Rowland	5	dist.	
Wm. Winn's b. f. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archy	4	dr	

Time, 1:56—1:54—2:00. Track in fine order.

WEDNESDAY, May 1—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Wm. L. White's b. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Alfred	3	1	1
John D. Kirby's br. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid, by Whisker	1	2	2
Jas. Talley's br. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles	2	dist.	
John M. Bott's (Mr. Dabney's) br. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles	dist.		
Ed. C. Mayo, John Alcock, and Thos. B. Wall	pd. ft.		

Time, 1:56—1:56½—2:15.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse $100, ent. $10, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Williamson & Townes' ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs	1	3	1
John P. White's br. c. *Jerome*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	1	2
John M. Botts' b. m. *Spindle*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs	*	*	3
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. h. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	3	*	0
Jas. Talley's gr. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	*	*	0
Thos. Doswell's b. m. by Standard, dam by Contention, 4 yrs	*	2	dr

Time, 4:04—4:00—3:56½.

Those marked thus * were not placed. The track in fine order, and a well contested race.

THURSDAY, May 2—Proprietor's Purse $100, with $20 added; conditions as before. Two mile heats.

John S. Corbin's b. h. *Bandit*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	1	4	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (S. M. Morgan's) b. f. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Marquis, 4 yrs	4	1	2
John P. White's gr. h. *Bendigo*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	5	2	3
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Gracchus*, by 5 yrs	2	3	dist.
John M. Lochmane's ch. c. *Hard Times*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Carolinian, 4 yrs	3	dist.	

Time, 4:00—3:56—3:55.

A very interesting race. Track in good order.

FRIDAY, May 3—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $20, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Williamson & Townes' b. h. *Steel*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Contention, 5 yrs	1	1	
Wm. L. White's ch. c. *John Hampden*, by Goliah, dam by Director, 4 yrs	2	2	
John P. White's (Gen. Harvie's) *John Lindsey*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, aged	3	3	
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's b. h. Mons. Tonson, dam by Contention, 4 yrs	4	4	

Time, 8:15—8:25. Track in good order.

The Match of $1000 aside, for a distance of one thousand yards, did not come off, Mr. Green paying forfeit to the backer of Hard-heart. By the

SECRETARY OF THE CLUB.

LYNCHBURG (Va.) SPRING RACES.

The races over the *Lynchburg Course*, commenced on Wednesday, 15th of May, and continued four days.

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at $25 each. Mile heats.

A. N. Williams's ro. g. by Young Eclipse, dam by Imp. Buzzard	1	1
Francis E. Quarles's ch. c. by Janus, dam by Saltram	3	2
William N. Patterson's ch. c. by Washington, dam by Dungannon	2	3
Robt. Morris's ch. c. by Tychicus, dam by Shakspeare	bolt.	
William L. Fair's bl. c. by Young Eclipse, dam by Madison	bolt.	

Time, 1:58—2:03.

THURSDAY, May 16—Proprietor's Purse $200, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs. 4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

William McCargo's ch. m. *Betsey Red*, by Red Rover, out of Betsey West by Imp. Buzzard, 5 yrs	1	1
Col. John P. White's b. h. *John Lindsey*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, aged	2	2

Time, 3:53—3:59.

FRIDAY, May 17—Purse $100, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. John P. White's gr. c. *Bendigo*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Melville Talbot's ch. c. by Carolinian, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	2	2	dr

Time, 1:54—1:55.

SATURDAY, May 18—Jockey Club Purse $400, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

Col. John P. White's b. h. *Jerome*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	1	1
Leonard Phelps's ch. h. *Isaac Shelby*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs.	2	dr

Time not given.

GREENSBORO', (Ala.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced over the *Henry Course*, on Tuesday, May 7th.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $500, h. ft. Mile heats.

L. Coch's gr. c. *Huntsman*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet. From H. A. Tayloe, Albert Jackson, and Dr. Wm. A. Leland.	rec'd ft.		

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $20, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab, 4 yrs.	2	0	1
R. H. Long's ch. f. *Lorinda*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 5 yrs	1	0	dr
Robert Beverley, Jr.'s (L. Coch's) br. m. *Maria Miller*, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, 5 yrs	bolt.		

Time, 3:54½—4:02.

THURSDAY, May 9—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50, conditions as before. Four mile heats

H. A. Tayloe's Imp. br. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs.	1	1	
R. H. Long's gr. h. *Rasp*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Director, 5 yrs	2	dr	

Time, 8:27. Won very easy.

FRIDAY, May 10—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $30, conditions as before. Three mile heats.

R. H Long's (Col. J. S. Preston's) Imp. ch. c. *Sorrow*, by Defence, out of Tears by Woful, 4 yrs	1	1	
Henry A. Tayloe's b. h. *Rhinodino*, by Wild Bill, dam by Imp. Dion, 5 yrs	2	2	

Time, 6:01—6:08. Won easily.

SATURDAY, May 11—Jockey Club Purse $150, ent. $10, added; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Jno. R. Head's ch. c. *Capt. McHeath*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Imp. Boaster, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Henry A. Tayloe's b. f. *Alabama*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lucy Gwyn by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	3	3	2
R. H. Long's Imp. ch. f. *Likeness*, by Sir Peter Lely, out of Worthless by Walton, 5 yrs	2	2	3

Time, 2:03—2:03½—2:11.

Likeness cast her plates in the 1st heat. Track heavy and slippery from rain.

HENRY A. TAYLOE, *Secretary*.

TUSCUMBIA (Ala.) SPRING RACES.

The Races at Tuscumbia, Ala., over the *Franklin Course*, commenced on Wednesday, May 8th.

WEDNESDAY, May 8th, 1839—Citizens' Purse $200, ent. $20, added; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Messrs. Davis & Ragland's br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Tinsley by Napoleon, 3 yrs	1	1
Lane & McLauren's Imp. ch. c. by Actæon, out of Design, 3 yrs	3	2
James Jackson's Imp. b. c. by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens, 3 yrs	2	3

Time, 3.58½—3:53½.

THURSDAY, May 9—Purse $150, ent. $15, added; conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Messrs. Lane & McLauren's b. h. *Jack Downing*, by Pacific, dam by Monsieur Tonson, 5 yrs	1	1	1
Wm. H. Gee's b. g. by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs	2	2	2

Time, 1:54—1:55—1:56.

FRIDAY, May 10—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Sub. $100 each. Mile heats.

Davis & Ragland's b. c. by Count Badger, out of Timoura by Timoleon	1	1
Lane & McLauren's ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Tom Payne	2	2
Jas. Thweatt's b. f. by Jerry	dist.	

Time, 1:52½—1.58.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Citizens' Purse $300, ent. $36, added; conditions as before Three mile heats.

Lane & McLauren's ch. f. *Fanny Strong*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, 4 y.	1	1
James Jackson's b. m. *Exotic*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Refugee by Wanderer, 5 yrs	2	2

Time, 6.12—6:20.

SPEED OF HORSES.

Mr. Editor: Sir—

It is, now-a-days, thought to be within the skill of every one who wears a watch, to time with precision and accuracy, the speed of racers. I am perhaps too old-fashioned, or too sceptical, to believe in one half the reports I read on this subject, in the account of races *North*, *South*, and *West*. There is one *single isolated* fact in most of these very marvellous performances, which shuts out belief, and that is, that so many horses should be found of almost *equal* speed in the same race.

Now if *Lady Cliffden* had distanced *Picton*, *Mingo*, and *Fanny Wyatt*, when she made the great time in her 2nd and 3d heats, I might believe it. So of races more recent, such as those of *Bee's-wing*, in which 3 or 4 colts *all* saved their distance,—of *Rocker*, in which 4 got *in*, in a 2nd heat of 5:46½,—the same of *Boston's* race at Broad Rock, in 5:46, over a course 12 yards more than a mile, no *one* distanced. Here we have some ten or fifteen horses, all able to run their heats "*low down in the forties*," and with the exception of Lady C., Mingo, and one or two others of this string of *first raters*, we have no record of their ever having distinguished themselves before or since.

The thing is preposterous, and if men who put faith in these reports (which, I believe, in the cases referred to were honestly made and fully credited by those making them), go to backing these nags, as many do, solely on the ground of the *time* said to have been made by them, they will, as "*N. of A.*" says, wake up some of these days "*ruined individuals*."

I have seen racing for more than thirty years, and in that time, have had the pleasure to witness the performances of most of the distinguished horses from the days of Duroc and Sir Alfred, to the present time, and have no good reasons for thinking that Eclipse and Henry, Lady Cliffden, Mingo, Boston, and Duane, &c., &c, &c, were, or are, superior to Gallatin, Lottery, Hephestion, Timoleon, Lady Lightfoot, Bertrand, Clara Fisher, Trifle, Little Venus, Bascombe, &c., &c., &c.; and yet, if you go by "*time*" there are *few* only of these *latter* would even have found "*a place*" in a *first*, and certainly not in a *second* heat, with the former, in very many of their recorded races.

I know it will be said the great improvement in training, and of the courses, &c., accounts for all this, as well as the improvement in our stock of horses. These can do, and have done much, but they can't bring *all* our horses up to "*prodigies*," without the aid of *steam*, and I have not yet learned that it is admissable on *any* course to apply that power to increase the speed of race horses.

I do not, nor have I for years owned a racer, and never but two of any kind of note, and they *no great things*; therefore no one need say I have any motive of resentment towards *man* or *horse* in this matter, or that I desire by the remarks made, to impute any unfairness or to impeach the honor or veracity of *timers* at our race courses. The performance of modern racers is *too fast* for my comprehension, taken in connection with the *fact* (in most cases attending these prodigious feats) of "*whole droves*" making *extraordinary* time. "*Watches made in Kentucky*" are in more general use than was "ever dream't of in my philosophy;" or my ideas of "TIME," are much behind "*the Times*," though I have taken the "SPIRIT" from its first publication.

X.

NOTE.

The remarks of our correspondent, would have carried even more weight with them, had he not cited the race of Lady Cliffden on Long Island. We would wager our hat that *that* time was accurately reported. Indeed, on Long Island and the Beacon Courses, we never have a suspicion of the time of an important race, as reported by the Judges. Our correspondent will recollect that *all* the horses which started against Lady Cliffden in her celebrated race, were of the highest character. Mingo we believe to be the fastest horse that ever was got by Eclipse,—if not the fastest of all Northern horses for the last fifteen years, in a four mile race. Fanny Wyatt was able on the day of the race, as very many gentlemen here believe, to beat either of the entries of that day, single handed, into fits. Picton had never before met a match for his speed. In fine, the time of that race may be relied upon, we verily belive.

And now let us state why our time may in almost every case be relied upon. In the first place, a great many gentlemen time each important race. Half a dozen distinguished turfmen, always have their watches out,—a watch is held in the Judges' stand, another directly opposite in the Member's stand, and others near at hand. A great number of trotting amateurs are ever in attendance, and every man of them times the race. They are in the constant habit of timing races and trots, for, of the latter, we have one almost every day, although they are not all reported.

Again, all these timers usually agree within one or two seconds at farthest; it is indeed rare for those upon the line of starting, to differ so much as two seconds.

And, finally, there are always upon the ground some of the best watches in the world for the purpose. It has become so customary for all of us to time, that there have been much pains taken to procure from England the most fit instruments for the purpose; and, whenever all these circumstances exist, we see no reason to doubt the accuracy of the reports as they are taken down from the mouths of the Judges.

On other courses, we may not doubt, that similar accuracy is attained. At Charleston, for instance, we rarely hear of any great difference among those timing. But at Washington, this very spring, there was a difference of near ten seconds in a three mile race. In such a case, who can rest satisfied with the report?

In our opinion, our correspondent should look to another source for the explanation of the modern unaccountable speed of the horse—namely, the length of courses. Some miles are *taller* than others, we are persuaded, and where one of a diminutive stature has been discovered, the performances over that particular track ought never to be quoted. Let every Proprietor measure his track and if error there must be, let it be on the safe side,—let it be *over* a mile, Mr. Kendall ought to have his track re-measured. People in these parts are utterly incredulous as to the performances of week before last over his course. That one great race might have been made, all could credit, but that a three, four, and two mile race should have been made, each in almost unexampled time, and by horses in some cases, utterly unknown to fame, is more than people can credit. We have one intelligent friend who stood the four mile day with decency, and applauded the horses,—he opened his eyes a little at the three mile race, but still had faith, and again admired the improvement of thorough-breds; but when he heard of the two mile race, wherein time was made perfectly unexampled, in four heats, he gave up his faith, and pronounced the course a short one. "It looks short," said he, "shorter even than the Louisville track."

NEWS FROM KENTUCKY.

LEXINGTON (Ky.), May 11, 1839.

Dear Porter,—I am fully aware of your wish at all times to have a little news from one of your supporters, and I therefore cheerfully lend my aid, so far as I am capable. Our races commence here on the 21st of this month, and from the great number of stables expected, we anticipate better fields and better sport than at any meeting heretofore. The old veteran, Col. BUFORD, will be here with his stable; Capt. WILEY is expected with a full stable, among them *West Florida* and a *Woodpecker colt*, both winners at Georgetown; also another Woodpecker, winner of the four mile day at Maysville; SIDNEY BURBRIDGE will come with *Tarlton* and others, and BOB BURBRIDGE was never known to be among the missing; Mr. CLINTON, with *The Captain*, full brother to *Caroline Scott*, and several others, all promising; WOODING, with BACON & BUFORD's string of Medocs, with *Charley Nailor* at their head, winner of the three mile day at Maysville; WEBB, from Georgetown, with his forces, L. K. GRIGSBY with his lot, numbering a half dozen or more; SKILLMAN & YOUNG, from the mountains, with *Mary Porter*, *Camden*, and others, and FARRIS & DAVENPORT'S stables, in which are *Ebroe*, *Splendor*, and others, are all expected. D. PALMER'S string of untried ones is at the track, reduced in numbers, though he has yet left a few young things that are promising; he has a John Richards colt in the Brennan Stake, which I think will render a good account of himself; he has also a b. c. in his stable, 2 yrs. old, full brother to *Fanny Wright*—he is in racing shape, and will tell a good tale, one of these days. Palmer has a match on hand, two mile heats, for $2000 a-side, to be run Fall of 1840, against JAMES G. MCKINNEY'S b. c. *Catholic*, by Lovel, out of Margaret, by Sumpter, and by the by, a very clever colt, of fine size. JIM SHY, or as he is here called, (old Frosty,) has reached Louisville with *Kavanagh*, where he will wind up the Spring campaign; he has beaten *Josh Bell* below, and now intends to give *Wagner* a chase the four mile day at Louisville.

I see your valuable correspondent "N. of Arkansas," in speaking of the big stake at Louisville, says *Hawk-Eye* is curbed, and will not start.—Query, does it follow that his being curbed this Spring will prevent him from running next Fall? This remark has led me to believe that "N." knows but little about curbs—he is an able writer, and wields a good pen, and his letters are generally interesting, but he should write more from his own knowledge of facts, and not so often from hear-say. He again says, "Hawk-Eye is in training, and not curbed, as I wrote you." "N." is all wrong: Hawk-Eye is curbed, and not in training, as he says; notwithstanding, we trust his curb will be no excuse for his not winning the big stake in the Fall. As yet, we know but little of Hawk-Eye, as a four mile horse; he won his two and three mile races last Fall in race horse style, and hung out a good sign of a game nag, but never having ran four miles, we consider him untried. So you see we go for luck. I am pleasing myself with hopes of seeing you in a few weeks.

Truly your friend, OSCEOLA.

Note.—"N." is too near to be laughed at, and will give an account of his misdeeds soon enough.—ED.

It would appear from the following letter that Dr. Brown was egregiously hoaxed the other day, by a letter purporting to be written by Judge Dayton, of Trenton. The letter was a forgery, committed from the meanest of motives—whether to injure the judge or the doctor, we cannot say, but it was as stupid a joke, or piece of malice, as we can well imagine. We advise the doctor to ferret out the knave who imposed upon him.

TRENTON, 15th May, 1839.

Editor Spirit of the Times, Sir:—A friend has this moment called my attention to a number of your paper, under date of 27th April last, and to my great surprise, I find there what purports to be the contents of one part, and the *copy of another part*, of a letter from Wm. L. Dayton, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, to the Proprietor of the Eagle Course, dated 20th April last.

I beg leave to say, in the most explicit terms, that if such a letter were ever received, it is a *gross forgery*. I knew not, until the paragraph in your paper induced an enquiry, who was the Proprietor of the Course in question; and so far from being a correspondent, I can only say, that I have not even the honor of his acquaintance. I have never written anything of the kind either to him or any other person.

As I do not doubt that you were induced to publish the letter above alluded to under the belief that it was genuine, you will be good enough to correct the error, by an insertion of this communication in your next number, and forward me a copy. Respectfully your obed't serv't, WM. L. DAYTON.

CANAL BOAT TRAVELLING, &c.

Since I parted from you I have had a thousand thoughts on various subjects. The above multiplicity of ideas, by the way, passed through the pericranium of an elderly gentleman, while making a precipitous descent from the top of a high building, and falling harmless upon some yielding substance, (placed as opportunely for his reception as the cushion of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant, at the battle of Fort Christina). When asked what were his sensations while he was giving so alarming an exemplification of the doctrine of gravitation:—"Why," said the old chap, with a gravity proportioned to the seriousness of the affair, "I had a thousand thoughts how I should land." Now, though my thoughts are, perhaps, not much more to the purpose, yet, like Chiffinch's domestics with their wine, I will "impart."

Did you ever travel on a canal? I hope, for the sake of your reputation as a man of understanding, your conscience will be able to meet this question with as decided a "no" as ever came from the lips of a Senator. Take, then, my experience in the matter, and believe that no man who has legs of the ordinary length for pedestrian locomotion, or shoulders of the ordinary breadth for the carrying of a knapsack, or brains of the ordinary size to direct both, will ever be caught a second time crawling along at the rate of three miles an hour, "cabined, cribbed, confined," in that sink of abomination—that moving penitentiary—that embodying of the "noisome pestilence"—a canal boat. A space some thirty feet long, by ten wide, and six high, may be a comfortable place for the stowing away of sixty men, besides "men-servants and maid-servants, and much *children*," under the yet to be discovered system of some steam-packing, oxygen-manufacturing company; but in the present state of the science of stowage and breathing, the more fastidious of such a company may think these are *un peu de trop*. During the day time, in pleasant weather, the deck, to be sure, is a resource, or a walk along the tow-path may satisfy any one who is disposed to travel on the principle

of the Irishman, who earned his passage by leading the horses. But it will rain occasionally, and night—aye! there's the rub. The tieing up of the human freight, and the strewing of the floor and tables, is accomplished by the ingenuity of the black steward (who, by the way, in obedience to the canons of the canal, regards cold water with hydrophobic abhorrence), and then—the captain never likes to sleep with the door open, or some old gentleman objects to the draft of a window, and as ventilators there are none, the air is soon converted into a substance which, as it allows the hive to swarm out in the morning undiminished by suffocation, refutes most conclusively all theories of the necessity of fresh air to the support of animal existence. But, then, the scenery! the magnificent scenery! Does not that compensate for a vast deal of inconvenience? Now I say to all this, the scenery is well enough—sublime, if you will—I have not a word to say against it, but I do hold, and will, that in order to appreciate fine scenery, or fine anything else, except, perhaps, fine women, the spectator must be in some sort comfortable and at his ease. I doubt whether if the greatest enthusiast for the sublime should be hurried over the Falls of Niagara, he would give much thought, as he took the leap, to the splendor of the prospect. And a man must possess more than a common share of the power of abstraction, who, while a locum tenens in a canal-boat, can withdraw his thoughts from the multifarious annoyances around him, and as he looks upon the

"Mountains, on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest,"

or contemplates the "woody vallies warm and low," can lay his hand upon his heart, and say, with the sincerity of a Christian man, it is not buying sublimity at too dear a rate.

Depend upon it, yonder lady, as she sits on the deck, under the shadow of her husband's umbrella, trying hard to get up a display of sentiment, is ruminating with an uneasy mind upon the probable propinquity of the next bridge, which will compel a prostration utterly at variance with the curve of beauty—or is suffering the misery of thoughts (both retrospective and prospective) upon her night's lodging. Or that melancholy looking gentleman, as balanced upon his cane, he contemplates the "blue expanse of ether," think you, his "eye in a fine frenzy rolling"—

——"hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures?"

My dear Sir, he is thinking of the forbidden luxuries of a clean shirt and a shave. No, let me recommend all those who have been educated in the belief that elbow-room is desirable, a good night's rest a luxury, the privilege of changing their garments oftener than once a week a comfort, and occasional privacy an essential; and who yet are tormented with a burning thirst for the picturesque, not to go in search of it on a canal-boat, but let them rather deposit their two shillings with the treasurer of the Museum, mount leisurely to the apartment dedicated to the "fine arts," and there applying their dexter ogle to sundry apertures which will be obligingly pointed out, they may see just as much fine scenery as any one has a right to expect to look at for double the money, without any farther effort than will suffice to give them an appetite for their dinner.

But those who go up into the mountains see strange things, as well as those who go down to the sea. Like the wise Ulysses, *mores multorum hominum vidi*. A few items of information in the way of usages, notions, and observances, I have picked up, which are hereby submitted to the consideration of the compiler of the next edition of the American Chesterfield.

Various good and sufficient reasons moving me, I had left the canal, and was an occupant, for a few days, of an inn by the way-side. The dinner table the day after my arrival was garnished by a tureen of soup; as it happened to be placed before me, I uncovered the vessel, and by way of doing the amiable, offered it around, but found no customers, and as its hue and fluidity prevented me from trying it, I thought to myself, it is a pity the landlady has had the trouble of compounding her *potage* for nothing. But lo! I was soon to learn what a solecism in manners, what an infraction of the laws of etiquette, I had committed according to the code of ——town, for after the dinner was over, and even *the piece* of pie discussed, the Amphytrion of the table d'hote commenced helping his guests to the fluid nutriment with an unsparing hand, and it was despatched before my wondering eyes as the regular finale of the repast. After all, I do not see why the deuce it is not as rational to make the soup the last, as the initial course, but it was, at any rate, something new under the sun to me.

A good definition of what constitutes aristocracy has long been a desideratum. What think you of the following hint for supplying the deficiency? I sent one morning (a fine rain having descended during the night) for a pitcher of the water, but was told that folks thereabouts were not so *fine* as to catch rain water. So you see this *monstrum horrendum*, like the vanishing point in perspective, ever recedes as you advance. In New York an aristocrat keeps a carriage and footman. In ——town he eschews the hard limestone water of the country, and catches the distillation of the clouds. That this is a free country, and ought to be of republican habits, the ingenious authors of Fourth of July orations duly inform us once a year; and the corps editorial throughout the land reiterate the information at all other seasons. Yet there are those who mourn over certain anti-republican usages which have crept into our large cities ("the devil's drawing-rooms"), and their vicinage, who think silver forks, three courses, and liveried servants, uncivic, and "very tolerable and not to be endured" in a land of equality. To all such, a visit into the interior must be a source of real comfort, as convincing them how little these dangerous habits have spread; how closely they are confined to the vicinity of the aforesaid cities; and must encourage a hope that the unsophisticated inhabitants of these remote regions may succeed in staving off for a century the march of civilization and refinement. Here, to impress upon your mind the truth that you are in a land of free institutions, you are placed at the same table with your driver, and to give you a salutary lesson on humility, his wants are generally the first attended to. To prevent unseemly and lavish use of your fork, you are furnished with a furcated implement of two tines, while the broad pointed knife by your side hints to you the propriety of following the example of your opposite neighbor, who shovels with it into his capacious mouth (*edax rerum*) a miscellaneous assortment of food, that would be as shocking to a stickler for the "proprieties," as was the "honey and oil" to the unhappy *artiste* who assisted in the preparation of the celebrated "dinner after the manner of the ancients." But to append, in parting, a scrap of advice. —Let me recommend to him who would enjoy both locomotion and comfort, to vibrate as much as he pleases between "the Tremont" and "Barnum's," but let him beware how he diverges into the *terra incognita* of the interior. H.

ANSWERS REQUESTED.

May 20th, 1839.

Mr. Editor.—I respectfully, solicit of yourself, your subscribers and correspondents, information in relation to the nature and proper treatment of the two following cases, the subjects of which are highly valued; one, a colt by Chateau Margaux, the other, a filly by Priam, both out of American Pomona, the dam of the distinguished race-mare, Kitty Heth. Should any communication be made in reply to my request, I hope that you will not omit the earliest opportunity of giving it to the public, through the medium of the "Spirit of the Times."

In the spring of 1836, the colt, when about two weeks old, was attacked by cough, attended by discharge of matter from the nostrils, resembling that in distemper, which he was supposed to have. His general health was bad, for at least four months. In August of the same year, several doses of medicine were given him, by which, he appeared to have been much improved. He then grew, and fattened rapidly. He had been fat but three or four weeks, when a slight weeping, from the *left* eye, was observed. This continued for two or three weeks. About the expiration of this time, cough, and discharge from one or both nostrils, returned, with considerable violence. He was bled, and the quantity of his food much reduced. In the course of a week, these symptoms subsided, a small quantity only of a thin, glairy mucus, continuing to be discharged from the nostrils. Very shortly afterwards, a swelling arose on the *left* side of his head, (the same side with the eye which had been affected,) extending from the lower edge of the orbit of the eye, for three or four inches, towards the nostrils, and, also, to the middle of the space between his eyes. The most prominent part of the tumor, (about an inch below the orbit of the eye,) was about an inch in thickness. On the occurrence of this tumor, the colt's respiration became affected. His ordinary breathing, when he was still, could be heard to the distance of twenty feet, and he frequently sighed, or drew a long breath, which could be heard to a much greater distance. Frictions, with spirits of turpentine, and with various other irritants, were now made, none of which, however, produced any beneficial effect. Large warm poultices, made of wheat-bran, and well greased, were then applied, every second day, and kept on for ten hours at each application. The use of a few of these, produced an obvious diminution of the tumor. In the course of a month it was reduced to half its greatest size. The poultices now ceased to produce any effect, and were, at the expiration of another month, discontinued. The colt's respiration improved, proportionately, with the diminution of the tumor.

From the spring of 1837, (when he was a year old,) to this time, the size and shape of the tumor has remained unaltered. He was scantily fed, with the view of keeping him poor, until late in the fall of 1837, when he was allowed a liberal supply of oats and corn meal. He had no sooner obtained the order in which I wished to have kept him, than he was again attacked by cough the most violent I have known any horse afflicted with, accompanied by an increased discharge from the nostrils. Bleeding, and sudden reduction of the quantity of his food, however, within a few days, subdued the cough, and reduced the discharge to its ordinary small quantity and glairy character. He was kept in low order again, from this time, until the fall of 1838, when he was gradually improved in flesh, and received a light training. I should, perhaps, have stated, that when he was about two years old, a stout gimblet was passed through the most prominent part of the tumor, into the hollow of the jaw-bone. Nothing was discharged from that cavity; no perceptible effect was produced by the operation.

As has been remarked, the tumor has undergone no alteration for the last two years. That part of it which is located below the eye, is from a third to half an inch in thickness, about three inches in length, and one and a half or two inches in width: that portion between the eyes, consists of a ridge, (running longitudinally with the head) about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and three inches in length, and is distinctly confined to the left side of the face. The right side of the head appears quite exempt from disease. His general health appears very fine. He was trained this spring, and was found to be a colt of great speed, but tired so easily, as to be unfit for the turf. There can be no doubt that this resulted from the obstruction of his left nostril, by an internal tumor, corresponding with the external one.

An examination of the skeleton of a horse's head, will shew that the roots of the tooth, next to the upper or back jaw-tooth, run precisely to the spot, corresponding with the centre of the tumor, on this colt's head. Can the tumor arise from disease of the roots of this tooth? In my humble opinion it does not, but, I must confess that I have doubts on this point. There is no wolf's tooth (as it is generally termed,) in the case. Careful examination has been frequently made for it, in both this, and the following case of the filly, which, after this detail, may be very concisely stated.

The filly was attacked in the same manner, and at the same age—two weeks old. She was unwell for six or eight weeks only, from the expiration of which time her general health appeared perfect. There has always been a slight discharge of a thin, glairy mucus, from both nostrils, but never any increase of the discharge, nor any return of cough. She has been uniformly well fed, and fat, from July last, until the eighth day of March, when she was nearly eleven months old. On this last mentioned date a tumor more than three inches in length, two inches in width, and half or three quarters of an inch in thickness, was observed on each side of her upper jaw-bone, midway between the eye and the nostril. The lower extremities of these tumors are exactly even with the anterior or lower jaw-teeth. Her respiration is affected in the same manner that the colt's was, but not in so great a degree.

From the period at which these tumors were discovered, there has been scarcely the least discharge from the nostrils. Poultices of the kind used on the colt, were applied for a month, but without any advantage. She is now under the trial of frictions, with a mixture of tar, sulphur, and lard, as recommended for the cure of the big-head; not because she is supposed to have that disease, but from the hope that the application may be, also, beneficial in this kind of case.

I have no other information in relation to big-head than such as has been given in the periodicals of the day, having never had an opportunity of examining a case, in either the living or dead subject. My own opinion (which, however, I express with diffidence,) is that, in both these cases, the disease consists in an irritation, and great consequent thickening of the membrane lining the nostrils, and that nothing less than some agent of great power in exciting absorption, can reduce these enlargements, remove the obstructions, and thereby restore free and natural respiration. I have heard that the most successful remedy in the treatment of big-head, is the introduction of a red-hot spindle, or the shooting of a pistol-ball through the tumified parts. I should be gratified to have certain information, in relation to this mode of treatment of that disease. Should it have been successful, the failure of other means may induce me to try it in my cases.

I will only add, that other colts have been bred in the same lots with the subjects of these cases, and have been uniformly in good health. Their dam has the most delicate, and beautiful head, is quite old, and has never been known to be unwell for a single moment.

Now, sir, I value these animals highly, and should your "Spirit of the Times," or "Turf Register," (to the former of which I am a subscriber, to the latter I have been, from its origin to the present year,) become the medium of enabling me to prevent their destruction by disease, I shall be strongly confirmed in my estimation of the value of such publications to the community.

With respects and good wishes, yours, &c.

A Subscriber in Va.

THE TURF IN MISSOURI.

Nothing is more satisfactory to us than to note the prevalence of a taste for thorough breds in remote sections of our country,—particularly in Missouri, a State destined to rank among the first of the Union, in wealth and population. We hail the establishment of a new club, and the purchase of fine horses, as happy omens, and chronicle from time such events with unalloyed satisfaction. The newspapers of the State lend all their powerful aid to the advancement of the good cause, and we now proceed to extract from a sheet, issued as far West, as the limits of the States proper, will allow. The following article is from the "Boon's Lick Democrat," published at Fayette, Howard County, Missouri:—

BLOOD HORSES—THE TURF.

The finest exhibition of blood stock we have ever witnessed took place in Fayette on the first day of the Howard Circuit Court. Among those which held the first rank for purity of blood and the splendor of their performances, may be reckoned Laplander, Mark Moore, Collier, and Shakspeare. Besides these, there were a host of others of humbler pretensions, but all possessing claims upon breeders for their valuable properties as stock horses. Where there were so many competitors for public favor, and each possessing some peculiar excellence, it would perhaps seem invidious to discriminate; but we cannot avoid a passing remark upon the four heroes of the turf mentioned above—our old favorite Laplander, the elegant and high-bred Mark, the almost invincible Collier, and the splendid looking chap who bears the cognominal of "glorious Will."

Laplander, the property of our townsman, William H. Edgar, and Mr. John Frost, of Illinois, is one of the most perfect specimens of the horse kind we have ever beheld. To a form, in which the most critical observer cannot find a blemish, he adds a reputation as a turf horse, acquired upon many a hard contested field, of which few horses on the continent can boast. His produce, dropped this Spring, are said to be very fine, and we have heard of an instance in which three hundred dollars was offered for one of his colts, when only a few days old, and refused. We believe it is the intention of his owners to let him remain permanently in Howard.

Mark Moore is owned by C. F. Jackson, of this place, and O. B. Pearson, of Saline. He is one of the best sons of American Eclipse, and has fully sustained on the turf the reputation of his distinguished sire. He was purchased by his present owners expressly for the service of Missouri, and we have no fears that he will disappoint the high expectations of his friends. We have not yet seen any of Mark's produce, but understand that they are such as might be expected from a son of the Northern champion and Lalla Rookh.

Collier, whose fame as a racer has pervaded the whole Union, is under the control of A. W. Morrison, near this place. He was sired by Wm. R. Johnson's old Sir Charles, and is of course a grandson of the far-famed Sir Archy. He is a horse of fine size and immense power, and will doubtless prove a valuable acquisition to our community as a stock horse.

Of the pedigree of Shakspeare we know nothing, and are only induced to mention him in company with the others, from the magnificent appearance which he presented among his competitors on the day of exhibition. As a race-horse, Shakspeare holds a distinguished rank among the champions of the turf; and although his colts as runners have not generally realized the expectations which the performances of the sire would seem to justify, yet they are highly prized for the saddle, and command high prices. He is owned in Boone county, where he makes his season.

In addition to the above, we might mention Atlantic, Charles Bingly, Plato, Black Whip, and a host of others exhibited on the above occasion, that were able to trace their lineage through a long line of noble ancestry; but the above will answer the purpose for which we set out, which is to urge upon the stock breeders of Howard the importance of maintaining the high ground they have already attained in this essential branch of domestic economy. This can only be accomplished by great care in the selection of brood mares, and the encouragement of stock horses of undoubted blood and stamina. With a fine climate and facilities for raising stock unsurpassed by any other portion of the globe, Howard may, in a few years, by an ordinary degree of attention on the part of her citizens, become as celebrated for the excellence of her horses and mules, as she is for the fertility of her soil.

In connection with this subject, we would also remark that the Boon's Lick Jockey Club, organized for the purpose of promoting the object under consideration, will have their race track near Fayette prepared and fitted up in time for the ensuing Fall races. The association is formed upon the most liberal scale, and it is the intention of the proprietors, who are gentlemen of the first respectability in our community, to spare neither pains nor expense to render their Course as attractive to turfmen as any in the western country. The purses will be liberal, and we have the assurance of the proprietors for saying that in no instance will a race be permitted to come off, without the money being hung up at the stand, ready to be delivered to the winning horse as soon as the contest is ended.

There are now six entries for the produce stake proposed by A. W Morrison, Esq.:—

The get of Collier, by A. W. Morrison.
The get of Laplander, by Wm. H. Edgar.
The get of Champion, by H. H. Hughes.
The get of Moscow, by S. Sterret Barr.
The get of Mark Moore, by C. F. Jackson.
The get of Flagellator, by Wm. H. Frost.

FRANKLIN COUNTY (Ala.) AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At an adjourned meeting held in the town of Tuscumbia, on the 4th day of May inst., Edward Pearsall, Esq. was called to the Chair, and M. Tarver was appointed Secretary. The meeting having adopted a constitution and rules for the government of the Society, proceeded to the election of officers,—whereupon the following gentlemen were elected to serve for one year, viz.:—Edward Pearsall, Esq. President; John Cockrill, Esq. First Vice President, and Thomas Keenan, Esq. Second Vice President; G. L. Cockrill, Esq. Treasurer; and M. Tarver, Esq. Secretary.

Saturday, the 25th day of May inst., having been appointed for the first exhibition to be held in Tuscumbia, it was resolved that premiums should be awarded for the following descriptions of stock, viz.:

For the best Jack colt.
For the best Jack from 1 to 2 years old.
For the best Jack from 2 to 3 years old.
For the best Jack 4 years old and upwards.
For the 1st, 2d, and 3d best Mule colts, dropped this Spring.
For the best yearling Mule.
For the 1st, 2d, and 3d best Horse colts.
For the best Ram.
For the best Ewe and Lamb.
For the 1st, 2d, and 3d best Bull, over 3 years old.
For the best Bull over 2 and under 3 years old.
For the best Bull or Heifer, 1 year old.
For the best Calf.
For the best Milch Cow, of the improved Durham Stock.
For the best native Cow.
For the best native Calf.

David S. Goodloe, John Cockrill, and Wm. Cooper, Jr, were appointed inspectors of stock for the first exhibition. M. Tarver, Secretary.

THE FATE OF THE HORNET.

To the Editors—In the National Intelligencer of May 29d is republished an article from the *New York Dispatch*, in which some credence appears to be given to a tale of a sailor, now settled in the far West, of his being a survivor with five others of the crew of the U.S. sloop of war Hornet, lost some years since in the Gulf of Mexico. He is reported to have stated "that the Hornet was making for a harbor, when she struck upon a rock; and that he knows of the escape from the wreck of no persons except himself and his five companions." "They were drifted ashore upon the island of Cuba, whence, after different changes and fortunes, he is found at the West."

The statements here made by this soi-disant sailor of the Hornet are so palpably false that they would not obtain from me, at least, a contradiction, but for the reason that at different and distant periods the fate of the Hornet has been with me a subject of interesting investigation, near the place of her destruction.

Before I proceed to relate the result of my inquiries, I will offer but a word of comment upon the miserable attempt at deception practised by the pretended survivor of that lamented vessel and crew. It is known officially that the Hornet was at ancher off Tampico bar, on the coast of Mexico; and that, a violent *norther* coming on, she put to sea, and has never since been heard of; that she then foundered there can be no doubt, and that all on board perished with her is nearly equally certain. Some remains of the boats of the Hornet, it is understood, were subsequently found upon the adjacent coast of Mexico. How the survivor in the West contrived to get ashore upon the island of Cuba, nearly one thousand miles from Tampico, will appear to a seaman somewhat miraculous; and that the Hornet should have struck upon a rock in making for a harbor is apparent to any one at all acquainted with the coast of Mexico to be a *silly lie*; for there is not a single harbor for a vessel of that class upon the whole Mexican coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Vera Cruz, about 180 miles south of Tampico, admits large vessels between the island and the city; but it is no harbor in a norther.

A few months before the loss of the Hornet, the writer of this communication was in Havana, in command of an armed vessel; the Hornet made her appearance off the Moro, and sent a boat into the port to communicate with the Consul, Mr. Rodney. It came on to blow a gale of wind, and the boat could not return. An invitation was given and accepted for the officer and men to remain on board the vessel under my command. The following day the weather moderated, and the Hornet came into port. This small act of courtesy led to an acquaintance with Captain Norris and his officers, which of course, from knowing the sufferers personally, augmented the deep regret felt by every American at the sad event which took place soon afterwards.

About one year after the event alluded to, while landing a cargo of valuable merchandize on the coast of Mexico at the mouth of the St. Ander, I was informed by an American gentleman, a doctor, then there, that he was at Tampico at the time of the loss of the Hornet. He was to have been a passenger in her; his trunks and baggage were on board, and he was prevented from embarking by the suddenness of the gale. He stated that the Hornet was at anchor off the bar at Tampico, about three miles from land; her boats were on shore, inside the bar, taking off some provisions; and that, before the work was accomplished, owing, as he supposed, to the strong indications of a norther, the boats were suddenly recalled to the ship by signal, and accordingly instantly abandoned their task and repaired to their vessel. The boats were immediately hoisted in, the Hornet weighed her anchors, and, a little before dark, stood off to sea under close-reefed topsails—the norther having fairly set in, and with great violence. Two or three other vessels also put to sea at the same time. He saw her still standing to the eastward until night and the storm closed the view forever.

It was after the lapse of several years that, in the city of Tampico, I was repeating to several of my countrymen—sea-captains and others—the statement of Dr. —— relative to the Hornet. The relation being ended, one of the persons present, Captain ——, well known as having been many years in the trade between Tampico and New Orleans, informed us that he was in command of one of the schooners which lay off the bar of Tampico, and put to sea with the Hornet that evening. He stated that the wind commenced blowing violently from the north, hence it had been considered merely a norther of unusual violence. Such, he said, was not the fact, but that it partook more of the character of the West India hurricane; for that, between eight and nine at night, the wind suddenly shifted from north, or north-west, to southeast; and the change

was made with such violence that his vessel, being in ballast only, was instantly thrown on her beam ends, when he was in imminent danger and momentary expectation of miserably perishing. With the closing of night he had lost sight of the Hornet and other vessels. On that awful night, while clinging to the rigging of his capsized vessel, which it required the utmost exertion of his strength to effect, the sea having been lashed into fury by the opposing winds, amid the roar of the tempest and rush of waters, suddenly arose above the storm the shrill sound of the boatswain's call. He was instantly aware of the proximity of the Hornet, and suddenly she burst in sight, scudding north or quartering before the gale; for a moment it appeared to him she was bent upon his annihilation, to run him over and down; he essayed to hail. Bootless effort! Before his stifled words were half uttered, unheard and unseen, he was passed within twenty feet by the Hornet—the last time, probably, that ever human eyes, other than those fated to perish with her, beheld her. She came and went like a phantom ship. He could have almost touched her, so close did the approximation seem. I asked, did he or could he note at such a time the appearance of the vessel? remarking that any recollection of his might tend to elucidate the loss of the vessel. He replied, her top gallant masts had been set down, that her lower yards were on the gunwale, or hanging by the gears, and that she was scudding without a stitch of canvass set. He supposed, and I think truly, that she either plunged beneath the heavy sea, which had been got up by the northwind in the first part of the hurricane, or was swamped by the topling of the cross sea before which the fatal attempt was made to scud; but probably not until an attempt had been made to lie to, which the change of wind, and the Hornet being a low single decked vessel, made impracticable. The Captain stated that he was relieved the following day by one of the schooners which sailed in company, and had triumphantly rode out the storm.

In confirmation of the above statements, I was informed at that time, while in Tampico, by Mr. Crawford, the then British Consul, that he had been on board the Hornet, and had breakfasted with Captain Norris on the day preceding her loss. A British packet was in the offing, and he was on his way to board her, when, being too distant at the time from the land, he went on board the Hornet, and was hospitably received and entertained by Captain Norris. He left the Hornet in the forenoon, and proceeded to the packet, where he was caught by the norther, and remained on board for several days. He confirmed the statement of the Captain—of the wind having commenced from the northward, and suddenly veering to southeast. He described the storm as being similar, in every respect, to the hurricanes of the West Indies, which are known to blow in quick succession from opposite points of the compass. I had always intended, some time or other, to give publicity to the facts above related, and do not regret that my attention has been recalled to the subject, though a painful one. W.

CROCODILES.

Humboldt, in the volume of his "Personal Narrative," thus speaks of these monsters of the Oroonoco:—

"When the waters are high, the river inundates the quays; and it sometimes happens that, even in the town, imprudent men become the prey of crocodiles. I shall transcribe from my Journal a fact that took place during M. Bonpland's illness. A Guaykeri Indian, from the Island de la Margaretta, went to anchor his canoe where there were not three feet of water. A very fierce crocodile, that habitually haunted that spot, seized him by the leg, and withdrew from the shore, remaining on the surface of the water. The cries of the Indian drew together a crowd of spectators. This unfortunate man was first seen seeking, with astonishing courage, for a knife in the pocket of his pantaloons. Not being able to find it, he seized the head of the crocodile and thrust his fingers into its eyes. No man in the hot regions of America is ignorant that this carnivorous reptile, covered with a buckler of hard and dry scales, is extremely sensible in the only parts of his body which are soft and unprotected, such as the eyes, the hollow underneath the shoulders, the nostrils, and beneath the lower jaw, where there are two glands of musk. The Guaykeri Indian had resource to the same means which saved the negro of Mungo Park, and the girl of Urituca, whom I have mentioned above; but he was less fortunate than they had been, for the crocodile did not open its jaw, and loose hold of its prey. The animal, yielding to the pain, plunged to the bottom of the river; and, after having drowned the Indian, came up to the surface of the water, dragging the dead body to an island opposite the port I arrived at the moment when a great number of the inhabitants of Angostura had witnessed this melancholy spectacle. As the crocodile, on account of the structure of its larynx, of the hyoid bone, and of the folds of its tongue, can seize, though not swallow, its prey under water, a man seldom disappears without the animal being perceived, some hours after, near the spot where the misfortune has happened, devouring its prey on a neighboring beach. The number of individuals who perished annually, the victims of their own imprudence and of the ferocity of these reptiles, is much greater than it is believed to be in Europe. It is particularly so in villages, where the neighboring grounds are often inundated. The same crocodiles remain long in the same places. They become, from year to year, more daring, especially, as the Indians assert, if they have once tasted human flesh. These animals are so wary, that they are killed with difficulty. A ball does not pierce their skin, and the shot is only mortal when directed at the throat, or beneath the shoulder. The Indians, who know little of the use of fire-arms, attack the crocodile with lances, after it is caught with large pointed hooks, baited with pieces of meat, and fastened by a chain to the trunk of a tree. They do not approach the animal till it has struggled a long time to disengage itself from the iron fixed in the upper jaw. There is little probability that a country in which a labyrinth of rivers without number brings every day new bands of crocodiles from the eastern bank of the Andes, by the Meta and the Apure, towards the coast of Spanish Guiana, should ever be delivered from these reptiles. All that will be gained by civilization will be to render them more timid, and more easy put to flight. Afflicting instances are related of African slaves, who have exposed their lives to save those of their masters, who had fallen into the jaws of the crocodile. A few years ago, between Urituca and the Mission de Abaxo, a negro, hearing the cries of his master, flew to the spot, armed with a long knife—*machette*—and plunged into the river. He forced the crocodile, by putting out his eyes, to let go his prey, and hide himself under the water. The slave bore his expiring master to the shore, but all succour was unavailing to restore him to life. He died of suffocation, for his wounds were not deep; the crocodile, like the dog, appears not to close his jaws firmly while swimming. It is almost superfluous to add, that the children of the deceased, though poor, gave the slave his freedom.

MRS. STIRLING.

This beautiful and highly-gifted lady is the daughter of Captain Hale, an officer in the British service, and, through him, is descended from the celebrated Judge Hale. She was born in July, 1816, and received her education at the Catholic school, Brook-green House, Hammersmith, which establishment she quitted when she had attained her sixteenth year. It was at about this time that Miss Hale imbibed a strong predilection for the stage; and having gained her friends' consent to embark in that most precarious of all professions, she made her *debut* at the Coburg Theatre, then under the management of Davidge, in the character of Amelia Wildernham.* She was received with great applause, and went through the part she sustained with a degree of confidence and ease seldom met in a performer of such extreme youth and inexperience. Shortly after this Miss Hale went into the provinces, and before her return to London played in the towns of Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. While in the last-named, she became the wife of Mr. Stirling. Having acquired a great celebrity in the country, the lady who forms the subject of our sketch was engaged by the Bonds, when those individuals became the lessees of the Adelphi; after concluding her first season at which theatre, she returned to Birmingham, and was again secured for the Adelphi upon the occasion of its being opened under the joint management of Yates and Gladstane. The next theatre which had the benefit of Mrs. Stirling's talents was the Strand, where she acquired great celebrity through her several impersonations, amongst which, the characters she represented in the "Gallantee Showman," "Golden Calf," "Alexander the Great," and "Bachelor's Buttons," shone conspicuously. When Mr. Hammond's theatre closed, Mrs. Stirling removed to the St. James's, and from thence was engaged for the Olympic; but here, through the suggestions of the "green-eyed monster," she was most unjustly treated. Her last London engagement was at the Lyceum, which, after a season of a few nights, has been abruptly closed. To her qualifications as an actress, Mrs. Stirling unites great beauty of face and person; her performances derive a freshness and vigour from the feeling and judgment which are their principal characteristics.

* The lady appeared under the assumed name of Miss Fanny Clifton.

THE COBRA DI CAPELLO.

The following curious account we copy from a paper, written by the Rev. H. Caunter, M. A., in the "Oriental Annual," for 1835:—It is generally imagined (says Mr. Caunter), and by persons too who have been some time resident in India, that the cobra di capello, exhibited by the jugglers in this country, is perfectly harmless, in consequence of its fangs being extracted by these practised adepts in the art of legerdemain, but this is altogether a mistake. The fangs are positively not extracted; and the creature is presented to the spectator, possessing all its natural powers of mischief unimpaired. The bite from a snake shown by any one of these itinerant conjurors, would as certainly prove fatal as from one encountered in the jungle. This will, perhaps, appear strange to those who have heard of these reptiles being constantly shown in the houses of the curious, and more especially when they are told that this snake is frequently permitted to put his head against the cheeks of the children of those who show them. The dexterity of the jugglers in managing these dangerous reptiles is truly extraordinary. They easily excite them to the most desperate rage, and, by a certain circular motion of the arm, appease them as readily; then, without the least hesitation, they will take them in their hands, coil them round their necks, and put their fingers to their mouths, even while their jaws are furnished with the deadliest venom; and the slightest puncture from their fangs would produce not only certain, but almost instant death. The power which these people exercise over this species of venomous snake remains no longer a mystery, when its habits are known. It is a remarkable peculiarity in the cobra di capello, and, I believe, in most poisonous reptiles of this class, that they have an extreme reluctance to put into operation the deadly powers with which they are endowed. The cobra scarcely ever bites unless excited by actual injury or extreme provocation: and even then, before it darts upon its aggressor, it always gives him timely notice of its design not to be mistaken. It dilates the crest upon its neck, which is a large flexible membrane, having on the upper surface two black circular spots, like a pair of spectacles—waves its head to and fro with a gentle undulatory motion, the eye sparkling with intense lustre—and commences a hiss so loud as to be heard at a considerable distance; so that the juggler always has warning when it is perilous to approach his captive. The snake never bites while the hood is closed; and so long as this is not erected, it may be approached and handled with impunity. Even when the hood is spread, while the creature continues silent, there is no danger; its fearful hiss is at once the signal of aggression and of peril. Though the cobra is so deadly when under excitement, it is nevertheless astonishing to see how readily it is appeased even in the highest state of exasperation; and this merely by the droning music with which its exhibitors seem to charm it. It appears to be fascinated by the discordant sounds that issue from their pipes and tomtoms.

Varieties.

PARSONS THE ACTOR.—The *conversion* of Parsons from playing to preaching has heretofore been mentioned in our columns, but unaccompanied by the interesting particulars, which are given as follows in the Chicago Democrat:—"The Louisville theatre was lately crowded to excess to witness Charles B. Parson's celebrated performance of Othello, when the manager came forward and announced that there could be no performance that evening, in consequence of the surprising conversion of Mr. Parsons under Mr. Maffit's preaching. The audience was very indignant, and quite a number of young people ran into Mr. Maffit's meeting-house and commenced crying 'Othello!' 'Othello!' so loud, that Mr. Maffit stopped his sermon. Immediately Mr. Parsons walked into the broad aisle, and pronounced in the most emphatic manner, 'Othello's occupation's gone!' and then proceeded to say that 'A change had come over the spirit of his dream;' he had 'fretted his brief hour upon the stage' of Thespis, and henceforth should 'perform' in the House of Prayer and the Temple of Zion; he had left the 'sock and buskin' for the sword and helmet of righteousness, and that, instead of fighting Shakspeare's mimic battles, he should hereafter fight under the cross of Jesus Christ; and finally, he exhorted his old comrades to remain with him, and leave the theatre to become the abode of bats. The papers say it was Charley's best performance, and that his thrilling eloquence will win him twenty-fold laurels in holy orders, when compared with the stage."

Female Courtship in Rome.—The women of Rome know nothing of those restraints which delicacy, modesty, and virtue, impose upon the sex in northern Europe. A Roman lady, who takes a liking to a young foreigner, does not cast down her eyes when he looks at her, but fixes them upon him long, and with evident pleasure; nay, she gazes at him alone whenever she meets him, in company, at church, at the theatre, or in her walks. She will say, without ceremony, to a friend of the young man's, "Tell that gentleman I like him." If the man of her choice feels the like sentiments, and asks, "Are you fond of me?" she replies, with the utmost frankness, "Yes, dear." In this simple and unembellished manner commence connexions which last for years, and which, when they are dissolved, plunge the men into despair. The Marchese Gatti lately shot himself, because on his return from Paris he found that his mistress had been false to him. N. O. True American.

The D—l take the hindmost.—A foot race extraordinary came off last evening between one of the tallest of O. F. M. and a duck-legged tin pedler. Distance, a quarter of a mile; time, three minutes. Cause, our first man ran his chaise into a tin kitchen hitched to the pedler's wagon. Excitement immense; and loud threats of the law's redress. A dollar damages demanded, and two-and-threepence offered and indignantly refused. Boston Post.

The New Violinist.—Artot, the violinist, has a reputation now almost equal to that of Paganini, whose death is expected from hour to hour. This is no exaggeration. Artot is a great artist, and for so young an artist perhaps has no rival. His tone, without having the breadth and certainty of that of De Beriot, is beautiful, and his sensibility in an *adagio* is beyond all praise. He makes the instrument sing, or, as an enthusiastic Frenchman remarked, it sheds tears. In a caprico entitled "Souvenir de Bellini" this quality of M. Artot was exhibited in a remarkable manner. Who has not been moved to tears on hearing Rubini sing, or rather weep, the lines in the "Puritani?"—

"Ella tremante
Ella spirante."

It is much the same with Artot's violin in these phrases—it is Rubini himself. Giving Artot every credit for his splendid *tours de force*, staccato bow, double stops, tenths, arpeggios, pizzicato effects, and harmonies, we think he essays more than the instrument can effect, and more than is pleasing to hear, however astonishing it appears. The *furore* which he excites is overwhelming, and in this respect it is a Paganini triumph. If M. Artot should visit England, and play at the Philharmonic, he will perhaps find it advisable to choose, nevertheless, other inspirations than his own works.

The Green Mountain Argus gives the following description of a Hoosier's house, by one of the tribe.

One side was hung with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of varmints;
Dried pumpkins over head were strung;
Where venison hams in plenty hung;
Two rifles placed above the door—
Three dogs are stretched upon the floor;
Where half a dozen Hoosieroons,
With mush and milk, and cups and spoons;
White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,
Seem much inclined to keep their places.
In short, the domicil is rife
With specimens of a Hoosier's life.

Fishing and Matrimony.—Flam tells a good story of a man who was so inordinately fond of "going a fishing," that he was fearful of appointing a day for his marriage lest it might turn out fine weather for his favorite sport. The thing was finally settled by a contract of this nature:—"The marriage shall be consummated on Monday next, *provided* the weather is such as to prevent fish from biting. If it should not so turn out, it shall be postponed until the first day favorable for matrimony, *vice versa* for fishing."

Were we in the girl's place, such a chap might fish somewhere else for a wife. N. O. Picayune.

Serenading.—An individual in the upper part of our city, who was honored with a serenade by some of his friends night before last, very uncourteously told the serenaders that they might saw his wood if they saw fit, but as for making a useless noise about his house, he would not stand any such nonsense. Ib.

Silk Mania.—A gentleman from Franklin, in the very worst stage of the silk fever, went into Banks' Arcade yesterday afternoon, with a friend. So engaged were they in talking about slips, silk worms, &c. &c, they entirely forgot the object of their visit, until the bar-keeper asked them "what they would take?" "Give us a couple of glasses of *morus multicaulis*," said the enthusiastic silk speculator. "We have none," returned the bar-keeper, "but we have as good *orgeat* as any in the place." Ib.

Irish Identity.—The following hand-bill was stuck up in Dublin, July 31st, 1784:—"This is to certify, that I, Daniel O'Flannagan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the liberty mob, on Tuesday last; and I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will lay me fifty, that I am the other man who goes by my name.—Witness my hand, this 31st July.

"DANIEL O'FLANNAGAN."

The Devil's in it.—A certain reprobate parson found great difficulty in putting on his surplice. "Damn this surplice," said he to his clerk, "I think the devil's in it." The clerk was so astonished that he could not answer till the parson had actually got it on, when he said, "I think as how he is, zur."

The Sign Manual.—A certain bruising parson, of the name of Day, being examined at the Old Bailey on some point, the counsel, according to the laudable custom of the court, attempted to brow-beat him; "I think you are the bruising parson," said he. "I am," answered the reverend divine, "and if you doubt it, and will come out of court, I will give it you under my hand."

Tithe Commutation.—An Irishman, speaking of the rapacity of the clergy in exacting their tithes, said, "By J——s, let a farmer be ever so poor, they won't fail to make him pay their full tenth, whether he can or not; nay, they would find it in their hearts instead of the tenth to take the twentieth, if the law would permit them."

A very pretty coquette resident at Saint Albans, had been pre-engaged to a country gentleman in that neighborhood, to accompany him in a dance at a ball given at the Town-hall. A gallant captain, however, intervened, and in a jesting mood, persuaded the young lady to abandon her previous engagement, in favor of himself. To this she assented. The plain yeoman, overhearing all that had passed, with a frigid indifference moved towards a card-table and sat down to a rubber of whist. The captain in a few minutes afterwards trippingly stepped up to the lady, and bowing, made a hundred apologies for an unforseen mistake he had fallen into, saying, that he had quite forgotten the circumstance, but that he had engaged himself to hand a lady down the following dance, on his first entering the room, but that her first engagement would stand good, and he would attend her in the two consecutive dances. The neglected one overheard all that passed, and a short time had elapsed when the new figure was proclaimed. The lady, approaching the whist-table said, I believe, Mr. B., it is time for us to take our positions. The old-fashioned suitor, in the act of dividing the pack for the next dealer, courteously replied, No! madam; I mean to keep my position—when *ladies shuffle, I cut*.

The father of the celebrated William Macready, the actor, was for many years manager, of what is technically called a theatrical "circuit," in the north of England; during the performance in one of his theatres, of the pantomime of "Oscar and Malvina," a remarkably ridiculous and laughable circumstance occurred, originating in the waggish disposition of a junior member of the "corps dramatique." In an early stage of the proceedings, a body of warriors, headed by their chieftain, "Carroll," is seen descending to the front of this stage through a defile of mountains; their leader approaches the Castle of Fingal, king of Scotland, and after the customary signal trumpets, entrance of the warder, &c, demands to see the king, upon whose approach the henchman of "Carroll" unfolds a scroll (no speaking being permitted in pantomimes) on which is inscribed—

"Carroll demands the hand of Malvina in marriage;"

this Malvina being the daughter of the monarch, and of course the theme of general admiration for her beauty, accomplishments, &c.; she, however, has been previously contracted with the consent of her father, to Oscar, a young Scottish chieftain and warrior; a reply is given by the same mode, namely, a scroll unfolded by an attendant of the king, which should display the words—

"Malvina is betrothed to Oscar."

What must have been the astonishment of the spectators, when the man unfolded one (which had been adroitly substituted) on which was inscribed as follows, viz. "*Asses milk sold here!*" La. Advertiser.

SALMAGUNDI.

A young woman alighted from the stage on the road to Sanday Bay, the other day, when a piece of ribbon detached itself from her bonnet and fell into the bottom of the carriage. "You have left your *bow* behind," said a lady passenger. "No I aint, *he's gone a fishing*," innocently rejoined the damsel, and proceeded on her way rejoicing. Gloucester Telegraph.

Two sportsmen discoursing about a horse that had lost a race, one of them, by way of apology, observed that the cause of it was an accident—his running against a wagon; to which the other, who affected not to understand him, archly replied "Why, what else was he fit to run against?"

ANACREONTIC.

"'Tis sweet to read the Picayune
When the orb of day's declining
'Tis sweet to hear an organ's tune
And a child in concert whining?"

All the English papers copy the following. It will bear repeating.

Absence of Mind.—The most recent case of absence of mind is that of an editor who lately copied from an exchange paper one of his own articles, and headed it—"Wretched attempt at wit." American Paper.

THE ST. JAMES'S GOATS AND MONKEYS.

Altho' to see the lions
Oft Victoria went,
To honour goats and monkeys
Is not her intent.
No novelty they'd be
Unto our gracious Queen,
A *Cabinet* of such
She hath too often seen. LEO.

"I meant to have tould you of that hole," said an Irishman to a friend, who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water.

"No matter," said Pat, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I've found it."

Wellerisms.—"I hope I haven't hurt your feelings," as the raisin-seed said to the hollow tooth. "Home is a home, if it is ever so homely," as the clam said ven he vas dug out. "I'll be hanged if I do," as the criminal said ven the Sheriff told him to step upon the gallows. "Any thing to make a shift," as the man said ven he scrubbed his teeth with a nail brush in a barber's shop.

"Cuff," said a Militia officer, to a negro at his side, as he prepared to swallow his fifth invoice of "hardware,"—"Cuff, you're a good, honest fellow, and I like to compliment a man wat's lived an honest life, if he is black—you shall take a glass o' sumthin to drink with me, eh?"

"Well, Capt'n," replied Cuff, wiping his mouth with the nether end of his coat sleeve, "I'se berry dry, so I wont be ugly 'bout it. Some niggers is too proud to drink wid a milishy ossifer; but, I tink a milishy ossifer, when he's sober, is jis as good as any nigger—'specially if *de nigger's dry*."

MURAT CALLED TO HIS DEATH.

Whilst poor Murat was thus engaging the attention of his attendants with these important reminiscences, so incontrovertibly true, the door of the chamber slowly opened,—Giovanni Della Casa entered, and, with downcast eyes, announced that sentence of death was passed, and would be executed in half an hour.

Joachim beheld the speaker with perfect calm: not the slightest change was visible in his countenance; not for an instant did he lose his presence of mind. He met the hideous features of this far more terrible of deaths with as much indifference as he had faced it when it was disguised under the trappings and the panoply of war. Taking in his hand the cornelian seal on which was graven his wife's image, he gazed on it and kissed it, and then again dwelt upon the miniatured features of his four children, on which he dropped a tear. Desiring that the cornelian he then held within his hand might after death be taken from its grasp and given to his wife, and the miniature to be buried with him, he walked erect into the room of death, in which were drawn up in double file twelve soldiers. The muskets had not yet been loaded; and upon this thrilling operation King Joachim stood, looking as though he were upon parade. The proposal made to him of being blindfolded, he mildly rejected with a smile; then placing his right hand, which grasped the effigies of his family, upon his breast, he exclaimed, in a calm, strong voice, "Spare the face; aim at my heart!" Twelve muskets answered to the words, and sent twelve balls into the breast which had never harbored any other feelings than those of generosity, benevolence, and virtue.

The engraved cornelian and the picture were taken from his strong death-grasp. His mutilated remains, together with the portraits of his family, were buried in the very church which had been erected by his munificence.

Such was the deplorable and atrocious end of the illustrious warrior whom death had respected in more than two hundred battles. He was in the forty-eighth year of his age, and the eighth of his reign over Naples. Maceroni.

Good if true.—About the commencement of the grouse shooting season, when some poachers were resting beside a small lake at the foot of a projecting crag, called Stuchie an Lochain, close to Benlawers on the eastward, they happened to light a fire for the purpose of preparing some refreshment. Afterwards, being some ten or fifteen minutes at a distance from the fire-place, some of the men observed a few ducks with their brood about the centre of the lake, which was rather more than a gun-shot off; and, to the poachers' astonishment, they observed some small bundles of fog or old grass, about the size of a fox's head, one after another, floating towards the ducks, which caused them instantly to sink with alarm as they successively reached them, till the fourth came, by which time they had got accustomed to them, as it did not terrify the ducks so much as the former did. A fifth, however, instantly followed at a much quicker rate, and going up straight to the ducks, nipped one of the young away, and returned to the shore with its prize. So soon as the fox arrived on dry land, an eagle sprang from the rock on the opposite side of the lake, direct upon the spot where foxy was, whom it immediately attacked and deprived of its prey. Reynard stood for a moment cogitating, and entered the lake a second time, and soon returned with another duck; but the eagle could fly as quick as poor foxy could swim, and on his return from his second foray, seized him with his freight as formerly, and went off to her young with the duck. The fox stood for some minutes apparently greatly annoyed, with a look which in Æsop's days would have been interpreted into saying, "Although I have not strength and swiftness equal to an eagle, I may match him in cunning;" and immediately sprang into the lake in a fury, and in a few minutes returned with the duckling as formerly. On this occasion, however, he landed as close to the fire as possible, where he rolled the duck over and over before the eagle could get it away to her young. The eyes of the poachers were, like those of the fox, now riveted in the direction of the eagle's nest, and flames instantly followed. The screaming of the young eagles seemed to excite great pleasure in poor foxy, who, it need hardly be added, got the remaining part of the ducks for himself, without let or hindrance from his feathered enemy. Perth paper.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

CHARLESTON, Va. - - Kanawha Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 5th June.
CLINTON, Ala. - - - - - Pactolus Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 29th Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - Lynchburg Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Sept.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
NEW YORK CITY - - Union Course, L. I., 2d Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
" " " Beacon Conrse, N. J., 2d Spring Meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th June.
TORONTO, U.C. - - - - Simcoe Chase Course, Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th June.
WHEELING, Va. - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 25th June.

COURT COLLOQUIES.

ON THE DESIGNS OF O'CONNELL.

Of the various modes of quizzing adopted by the London journals, "hypothetical scenes" are one. The following is a sample, written to abuse the "favorite," and hit O'Connell.

The Baroness—Is not O'Connale a ver vicked man?

The Premier—Why, I hardly know what to say to that; what think you, Spring?

The Chancellor—Very wicked, very. I never could get at the bottom of him.

The Baroness—I tink so. No get to him pottom, non; that am vat I tink. I nevare dit like him not mosh, non nevare.

The Queen—But he seems to be a good-tempered, merry-hearted, comfortable sort of person. He *looks* like a really sincere and honest man.

The Chancellor—As a perfectly natural matter of course. But a bad five pound note *looks* very like a good 'un; nothing looks *so much* like a good 'un, as a bad 'un. It is the resemblance that deceives.

The Queen—And O'Connell, by virtue of the appoarance of sincerity, then of course deceives many?

The Chancellor—Many! Why I don't at all suppose that in Ireland alone there are less than two couple of millions of men who would not have the smallest objection in life, to lay down in a row, on the broad of their backs, and suffer him to run over them, taking their chance, were he to tell them that such a proceeding was necessary to place them on an equality with the people of England.

The Queen—And would they believe it?

The Chancellor—Believe it! I'll bet a couple of cases of the finest champagne, that if he were to tell them that justice for Ireland could never be obtained unless each man swallowed half an ounce of assafœtida, the consumption of that extremely nasty article would be so great, that if a duty were imposed, it would yield more to the revenue than all the other patent specifics put together.

The Queen—And how has he obtained the extraordinary power?

The Chancellor—By blarney on the one hand and credulity on the other, but more especially by blarney.

The Queen—Blarney! what is blarney?

The Chancellor—An atmospheric compression of metaphysical milk and honey, which flows from the lips of Irish patriots in streams.

The Baroness—But I vas here of de Groves of Plarney.

The Chancellor—Yes, that's where they gather it. There are two rows of trees in each grove, called blarney pines, upon the top of which the patriots sit before breakfast, and the pressure induced by their weight makes it ooze from the bark, when they bolt down like lightning, and lick it in like trumps. They usually suck up sufficient in the morning to last them the whole of the day.

The Baroness—How ver extraordinaire!

The Queen—But with regard more immediately to O'Connell. You do not think him sincere, and they do; that I quite understand; but what possible object can he have in deceiving the poor creatures?

The Chancellor—No other than that of gain.

The Queen—Dear bless me!

The Baroness—Tere pless me! Vat toes he charge tem?

The Chancellor—A mere trifle. £20,000 a-year, He asks no more, and will take no less.

The Baroness—Twenty tousan! Mon Cot! Twenty tousan!

The Queen—And that you believe, in the absence of all uncharitableness, to be his chief stimulus to exertion?

The Chancellor—The retention of the power to walk that amount periodically into his personal pocket is the only great object he has in view. Of course he has little collateral designs, which he uses as instruments for the attainment of that object—as the immediate design of a scavenger is to use a broom and shovel when his object is to gather the mud—but the grand point at which he particularly aims is to make them come down with the dust. The whole of his aspirations, the whole of his agitations, the whole of his wild denunciations, and the whole of his zealous spifflications, are concentred in this.

The Queen—But is he not anxious to obtain what he demands?

The Chancellor—Can any man be anxious to be utterly ruined?

The Premier—But there isn't the smallest fear of that so long as he sticks to his "Justice to Ireland!"

The Baroness—Ah: vat am dat? I hear of dat mosh, ver: vat am dat ting?

The Chancellor—Anyting end noting. If you run avay after de bottom of de sky, ven vill you get to him? Nevare!—but you will get to him as soon as O'Connale vill compass his justice to Ireland.

In the Album at the "Hermitage" of Mount Vesuvius the curious may, or might have, read the following:—

"John Hallett of the Port of Poole England, whent te see M Vesuvius on the 20th of October 1823, hand I would Recomind anney person that go ther to take a bottle of wine with him for it his a dry place and verry bad roade."

"1832. I have witnessed the famous Mountain of Vesuvius in Italy, and likewise the Wicklow Mountains in Ireland which I prefer. The talk of their lava in a palaver I little understand, and as for the crater, give me a drop of the swait cratur of Dublin in preference. "JAMES G."

A Boston gentleman lately drew a bill at so long a date that it required six whole weeks of his friend (the acceptor) simply *to* indorse it!

GREAT PRODUCE STAKE

FOR FALL, 1843.—We, the Subscribers, agree to run a Produce Stake with colts and fillies dropped Spring, 1840; over the Louisiana Race Course, near New Orleans, four mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, $1000 ft. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1840.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Isaac Van Leer names produce of Janette and Eclipse.
2. R. H. Long names produce of Ringlet and Marion.
3. Henry A. Tayloe names produce of Hortense and Imp. Leviathan.
4. John J. Burton names produce of Black Sophia and Stockholder.
5. Col. James Lankford names produce of Multiflora and Imp. Leviathan.

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensborough, Ala., four mile heats, on the Monday previous to the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $2000 each, $500 ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of September, 1839.

Jno. J. Burton | Rich'd H. Long
Henry A. Tayloe |

Post Stake for Fall, 1839.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Post Stake, free for all ages, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1839. Subscription $1000 each, P.P., four or more to make a race. Henry A. Tayloe.

Sweepstakes.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting, on said Course, the Spring of 1840. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., four or more to make a race. Stake to close and name 1st day of March, 1840.

Dr. Robt. W. Withers.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, near Greensboro', Ala., two mile heats, on the fourth day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, fall of 1839. Subscription $500 each, $200 ft., three or more to make a race, stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Henry A. Tayloe | Jno. J. Burton

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, One mile, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $100 each, h. ft., three or more to make a race. Stake to close and name on the first day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Jno. J. Burton
Col. Jas. Lankford |

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, over the Henry Course, Mile heats, on the 5th day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, Fall of 1839. Subscription $300 each, $100 ft., three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 1st day of October, 1839.

Dr. R. W. Withers | Henry W. Reese
J. J. Burton |

[Junel]

FOR SALE AT AUCTION,

PROPERTY ADJOINING UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.—Jas. Bleecker & Co. will sell at Auction, on Saturday, June 8th, at 12 o'clock, at No. 30 Broad st., to the highest bidder without any reservation—

The House, Barn, Stables, and other buildings, with about 3 acres of land, being part of the property formerly owned by Mr. Luke Eldest, and occupied by Mr. John McCoun.

Also, about 45 acres fronting the Union Course and Eldest's Lane, will be offered in parcels to suit purchasers.

Maps of the property can be had by applying to the auctioneers. [Junel-1t*]

ROANOKE COLT SHOW.

THE subscription to the above Show will close on the 20th of this month. There are already a large number of entries—the get of Sarpedon, Shark, Emancipation, Tonson, Shakspeare, Gohanna, First Fruits, Profit, Goliah and others, to be exhibited on Thursday, June 20th, 1839, at which time the subscribers will elect the most experienced Judges from the different sections of the country, who will award premiums in Silver Plate to the first and second best colt, or filly, from both the one and the two year old stakes.

As this will be the first exhibition ever held in the United States *altogether* of thorough bred colts, the subscribers most respectfully invite all gentlemen to attend, who take an interest in fine horses.

There will be the most ample accommodation for visitors at the several Hotels, together with a large public dinner at 2 o'clock, by Col. George Rogers.

C. P. GREEN, } Committee.
WM. TOWNES, }

Boydton, Va., May 15th, 1839.—[my 25th, 4t.]

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

ANVIL, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (dam of Picton, Duane, etc.) by Sir Archy, at Station Camp (Hon. B. Peyton's farm) near Gallatin, Tenn., at $50 and $75.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, at R. P. Stark's stable, Hopkinsville, Ky., at $70 in the season, $80 on the 1st Jan., and $1 to the groom.

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp Gracchus, 12 miles west of Philadelphia, at $40 the season for thorough bred mares.

BILL AUSTIN, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, at W. B. Taylor's stable, near Montgomery. (Ala.) Race Course, at $50, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R, Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky., six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E H Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Tow nand Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co. Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRAZY BILL, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, at R. B. Harrison's stable, 12 m. from Selma, and at D. Kirkland's in Autauga Co., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J., at $50 and $1 to the groom.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable, near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus, at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

JOHN DAWSON, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, at Francis Gordon's stable, 1 mile from Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq. at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Bolingbrook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Eason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexingtou, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Wood ford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

MAZYOUBE, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, at $25 to insure.

OMBARK, a full blood Arabian, at St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio, at $15 the season pasturage gratis.

OTHELLO, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, at Maj. Samuel Ragland's stable, 12 miles N. W. of Huntsville, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky., at $50.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Ark at $25 & $40 Address T.T.Tunstall & Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of W. J. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE MAY and JUNE numbers of this Magazine are published this day (June 1st) from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times.*" This number is embellished with TWO SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL. Two beautiful VIGNETTES on the Cover. It contains Eight Sheets, or One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pages of letter press, on paper of the finest texture, and entire new type, cast expressly for the purpose. The Publishers submit the following list of the embellishments and contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

A FOREST JOUST, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Landseer, R. A.
FLY FISHING, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Cooper, R. A.

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This Magazine will be issued with punctuality on the 1st of each month, from the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, at Five Dollars per annum, in advance. Orders and Communications to be addressed to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

June 1, 1839

TORONTO AND YORK COUNTY (U. C.) RACES.

THE City of Toronto and York County Race Meeting, over the *Simcoe Chace Course*, will commence on Wednesday, the 19th of June, 1839, and continue two days.

Preses: Col. Mackenzie Fraser, Qr. Mr. Gen'l.

Stewards: The Hon. Sir Allan Napier MacNab; Col. Cox, P. S.; Col. Bullocks, Adj. G M.; Capt. Markham, 32d Regt.; The Sheriff, H. District; Lt. Meade, 43d Light Infantry; Chas. C. Small, Esq.; John Barwick, Esq.; Col. Sparke, 83d Highlanders; Major Magrath; Captain Arthur, A. D. C.; The Mayor of the City; Lt. M. Pipon, K. D. G.; Peter Buchanan, Esq.; Chas. W. Heath, Esq.

First day—The City Plate of Fifty Sovereigns, free for all horses; two yr. olds, a feather; three yr. olds, 8st 9lbs; four, 7st 9lbs; five, 8st 4lb; six, 8st 10lbs; and aged, 9st. Heats, two miles and a distance. Entrance, £5.

Same day—The Inn-keepers Plate of £50, for horses that never won Plate, Match or Sweepstakes, of the value of £50, at any time before the day of entry. Three yr. olds to carry 10st 7lbs; four, 11st 4lbs; five, 11st 10lbs; sx and aged, 12st. Heats, once round and a distance. Gentlemen Riders, "Members of a Racing or Fox Hunting Club." Ent. £4.

Same day—A Jockey Saddle, for horses that never started for Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, before the day of entry. Heats, once round. Post Entry.

Second day—The County Plate of Fifty Pounds, free for all horses; two yr. olds, a feather; three yr. olds to carry 7st 3lbs; four, 8st 4lb; five, 8st 13lbs; six, 9st 4lb; and aged, 9st 7lbs. Heats, once round and a distance. Winner of either of the first day's races, to carry 10lbs extra. Entrance, £4.

Same day—The Ladies Plate of £40, for horses bred in the Province, that never won Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, before the day of entry. Heats, once round and a distance. Weight and Riders as for Inn-keepers Plate. Entrace, £3.

Same day—The Tally Ho Hurdle Sweepstakes, of £5 each, P.P. Free for all horses. Heats, once round and a distance. Weights and Riders as for Inn-keeper's Plate. To enter for this Race, on the evening of the first day's race.

Same day—A Jockey Saddle, for Ponies of 13½ hands high, and under. Heats, once round. Post entry.

Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Entrance for the Plates to be made and paid at the Ontorio House, between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock, P.M., on Monday before the Races, and the second horse in each of these Plates to save their entrances. Riders must turn out in full jockey style. Winners to pay five per cent. towards expenses.

JOHN MAITLAND, *Secretary.*

Toronto, April 23, 1839.—[Junel]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

No. 1. *Anvil*, 9 yrs. old, by Mons. Tonson, out of Picton's dam.
2. *Darwin*, ch. c. 4 yrs., by Henry Tonson, out of Lilac's dam.
3. *Phantom*, b. c. 4 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Imported Phantomia, (dam of Anna Maria.)
4. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
5. Ch. c. 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Tenn. Oscar, g. d. by old Pacolet, g. g. d. by Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. g. d. by Grey Medley (Barry's), g. g. g. g. d. by Celer, &c. &c.
6. B. c. 2 yrs., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson, out of Juliet by Kosciusko, and she out of Col. Singleton's Imp. Psyche.
7. B. c. *Chevalier*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Minerva Chance, by Multum in parvo [see Hon. Dan'l Jennifer's stock].
8. B. c. *Harry Hill*, 2 yrs., by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Imp. Anna Maria.
9. Ch. c. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Lady Clifton, and she out of Lady Teazle [see Col. Bowie's stock, of Maryland.]

BROOD MARES.

No. 10. *Black Maria*, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, and her br. f. foal by Imp. Luzborough, called *Great Western*—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
11. *Maria Shepherd*, (dam of Lilac,) and her b. c. foal *Hector*, by Imp. Priam—stinted to Imp. Leviathan.
12. Imp. Anna Maria, out of Imp. Phantomia, and her ch. c. by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.
13. Ch. m. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, g. d. by Imp. Bedford, g. g. d. by Imp. Shark—Goode's Twigg—Fearnaught—Jolly Roger—Mark Anthony—Imp. Monkey; and her foal by old Rattler—stinted to Imp. Philip.
14. *Magnolia*, and her foal by Imp. Leviathan, pedigree in No. 6—stinted to Eclipse.
15. *Bernice*, b. m. out of old Madame Tonson, by Sir Archy, Junr., and her foal by Anvil—stinted to Marshal Ney [see Edgar's Stud Book].
16. *Pontinelli*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, out of Pocahontas by old Pacolet, referred to in No. 5.
17. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Priam, out of No. 13.
18. B. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of Imp. Anna Maria.
19. Ch. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Magnolia (No. 14.)
20. *Tennessee*, b. f. 2 yrs., by Imp. Felt, out of No. 15.
21. Br. f. 1 yr., by Anvil, out of same (No. 15).
22. Ch. h. 5 yrs., Livingston by Crusader, out of Patty Puff by old Pacolet (dam of Angora), belonging to Rev. H. M. Cryer, R. S. Wooding, and B. Peyton.
23. B. f. 1 yr., by Imp. Leviathan, out of Minerva Chance.

All the above mentioned stock, not otherwise disposed of, will be sold at Nashville, Tenn., during the Fall Meeting. Letters will be directed to me at New Orleans until 1st July, and after that time to Gallatin, Tenn. BALIE PEYTON.

[Junel]

THOROUGH BRED STOCK FOR SALE.

The health of the undersigned, and that of his family, requiring a climate more congenial than Long Island, he has determined to dispose of his farm at Jamaica:—in which event he has no place for his blooded stock. He has mares, colts, and fillies of all ages, and of the different blood of Sir Charles, Eclipse, Henry, Barefoot, Trustee, and Gohanna; some of the mares are of the most desirable crosses, and purchased at a high price. They will be sold for *one half* their value, and if desired, a credit of twelve months given, if early application be made to the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," who will be furnished with a catalogue numbering some 20, or 30, and give every information desired.

[my 25] ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING OF 1839, over the Oakland Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 4th June next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; sub. $500 each, $100, Mile heats. Eight subs. and closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver names ch. f. *Mary Clifford*, by Medoc, out of Medoca by Doublehead.
2. W. T. Ward names ch. f. by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian.
3. M. W. Dickey names b. f. *Roanah*, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Potomac.
4. J. K. Duke names ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lady Adams, by Whipster.
5. Wm. Buford, Jr. names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter.
6. William Buford names ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Potomac.
7. W. W. Bacon names b. f. by Medoc, dam by Buford's Alexander.
8. M. W. Dickey names gr. f. *Gryella*, by Archy of Transport, dam by Bertrand.

Same day—The Breeders' Plate, value $100, given by the Proprietor; for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, Mile heats. To this race no subscription is required. Entries must be made, as to sweepstakes, directed to the Proprietor, to close the 20th of May. An entry failing to start must pay $20 forfeit, to go with the Plate. Four or more to make a race.

Second day—The Oakland Plate, a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, Two mile heats. The entrance depending on the number of subs.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats To close the 20th of May next.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

The great number of horses now in training in Kentucky, in addition to Mr. Garrison's stable from New Orleans, with the celebrated Wagner, Altorf, Glorvina, Cippus, and others, will insure one of the most interesting race meetings that ever came off in the state. Mr McCargo's stable, with Billy Townes and others are expected. The Course, now one of the quickest and safest in the Union, is in the finest possible condition, and greatly improved since the Fall meeting. The Oakland House, under the management of Messrs. Van Vacten and Comstock, has been added to, refitted and newly-furnished. I can safely say it is inferior in point of comfort to none in the State. Stables and litter furnished race horses gratis.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

Louisville, April 26.—[my4]

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawler, stating where an interview may be had, will meet with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4]

IN answer to correspondents expressing a desire to become subscribers to the stake of $2000, play or pay, Four mile heats, to be run at the Second Meeting over the Union Course, they are notified the stake is closed.

They are respectfully informed that a stake of a somewhat similar character is now open to be run on the Beacon Course, N.J., the week succeeding the Second Meeting on Long Island. It is as follows:—

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Four mile heats, with 4 yr. olds, over the Beacon Course, Second Spring Meeting 1839; entrance $2000, forfeit $500. To name and close 24th of May, 1839. Three or more to make a race.

[Mar30] ALEX L BOTTS, Secretary.

FINE IMPORTED MARE FOR SALE.

A THOROUGH BRED BAY MARE, imported into the city of Boston, by Thomas H. Perkins, Esq. in 1833, is offered for sale on reasonable terms. She was got by Toby, out of a Grogg mare—is 15¼ hands high, and for symmetry and beauty cannot be surpassed. She has never been broke nor bred from, and is well worthy the attention of breeders of fine stock. She may be seen at the stable of Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, Boston, Mass., to whom letters (post paid) respecting her may be addressed, and will receive prompt attention.

Boston, March 25, 1839.—[M30-3m]

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season? each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, they are *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb., to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms—$100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

THE HAMPTON STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1843, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs. Address (post paid)

[my4] J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

BERNERS' COMUS.

THE *Imported Stallion*, BERNERS' COMUS will stand in 1839 at Boardman Huntsville, Ala., at $80, insurance $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation o being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient she bles; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING, 1839, will commence on Tuesday, 11th of June, instead of the 3d or 4th week in May.

First Day.—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, for 3 yr. olds, bred in the State of Ohio Mile heats.

Same Day.—Proprietors' Purse, $100, free for anything, Mile heats.

Second Day.—Cincinnati Plate, splendid Tea Service, value $500; the amount of entrance governed by the number of subscribers.

Same Day.—A Post Stake, for 3 yr. olds, $100 each.

Third Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth Day.—Proprietors' Purse, $250, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Fifth Day.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats.

Owing to the Sweepstakes (as proposed in the first advertisement) not being filled, the purses are differently arranged.

This beautiful Course will be in good order. The stables are excellent. The Brighton House, contiguous to the track, affords every accommodation gentlemen can desire, under the superintendence of Mr. H. Gates, a gentleman filling the station with much ability.

Cincinnati, May 17, 1839. [My. 25.] LEWIS SANDERS.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been in use upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and bots, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Grand & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 25*l*., 28*l*., to 1000*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detecter must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Tuesday and Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

[d1-tf.] ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29-tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

MAZYOUBE AND OMBARK.

MAZYOUBE, imported by Capt. James Riley, from the Empire of Morocco, October, 1835, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, 7 yrs. old in May next, 16 hands 1 inch high, dark iron grey, and of lion-like form; stands at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, $25 insurance pasturage gratis. For sale at $5000.

OMBARK, imported by Capt. Riley, from Mogadore, Sept. 1836; a pure blood Arabian race horse, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, jet black, long round body, and finely formed from ear to hoof, 6 yrs. old in June next, stands at St. Mary's, Mercer Co., Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis; he is for sale at $3000. J. W. RILEY.

March 17, 1839.—[M30]

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats*. The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curculia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curculia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3.52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curculia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curculia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Lady out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY'S *Pedigree*.—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott, Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY'S *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. WM. WILKINS, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Moses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts [F2-tes]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. JOHN HETH, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race-horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.
2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.
3. *A—— Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No. 2.
4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.
5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.
6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.
7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¼ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one o his ore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839.—(J5-tf.]

VOLNEY.

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. REID Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON'S horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. WILLIAMS' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased. RICHARD LOGAN, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, who was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for which race she would have been trained, but his death made the entry void. W. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831. RICHARD LOGAN.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. PRINDLE,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, WM. MCCARGO.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. PHILLIPS sold Volney to Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, single dash of Two miles. [F9]

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times. [F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville J. C.

WHEELING RACES.

THE Races over the Wheeling Course, three miles from the city, immediately on the National Road, will commence on Tuesday, 25th June next, and continue five days.

First day—First race, for 2 yr. old colts, Mile heats, for a handsome Silver Pitcher, *to be given* by the Proprietors.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. Entrance $50, h. ft. To name and close on the 1st of June next.

Second day—Two mile heats for a *Splendid Sett of Cut Glass*, manufactured in Wheeling—cost $250. Entrance to be governed by the number of subscribers.

Third day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wheeling, March 30, 1839. JNO. E. NORVELL, J. H. OLIVER, } Proprietors.

[a13-5t]

KANAWHA RACES, CHARLESTON, Va.

THE Races over the Kanawha Course, situate about two miles from Charleston, and immediately on the Kanawha River, about 40 miles from its junction with the Ohio, accessable at all times by steamboats, will commence on the 5th of June next, and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, h. ft. Entries to name and close 1st of June.

Second day—Purse $100, Mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. JNO. E. NORVELL,

Charlestown, Kanawha C. H., March 30, 1839.—[a13-5t] Proprietor.

GREENE COUNTY (Ala.) RACES.

THE Races over the *Pactolus Course* near Clinton, Greene county, Ala., will take place on the first Tuesday in June next, being the 7th, 1839, and first meeting.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300 each, h. ft. One subscriber; 3 or more to make a race.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $400, ent. $20, free for all ages, Two mile heats.

Third day—Purse $600, ent. $30, free for all ages, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50, free for ages.

Fifth day—Purse $300, ent. $25, with entrance money added; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

JAMES D. MCALISTER,

Clinton, Greene Co., March 20, 1839.—[a13-2m] EDWARD JOHNSON.

SALE OF VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder during the Spring Meeting at Louisville, (which commences June 4,) if not sooner disposed of, some of the very valuable blood stock of Maj. M. W. Dickey, dec. among which are the following:—

1. *Caroline Scott*, b. m. 7 yrs. old, by Archy of Transport, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, with a Luzborough foal at her foot. The racing performances of this fine animal, independent of the fact that she is the half sister of Grey Eagle, entitles her to rank as high as any mare in Ky.
2. *Little Wicked*, br. m. 7 yrs old, by Archy of Transport, out of Lady Robin by Robin Grey; with a colt foal by Imp. Skylark. This mare has produced a colt by Medoc, (*Red Rocket*,) which has been trained, and his success gives evidence of her superior qualities as a brood mare.
3. *Mary Howe*, gr. m. 11 or 12 yrs. old, by Tiger, out of Lady Robin by Robin Grey; with a colt by Grey Eagle. This mare has produced several racers, among others, *Archy Howe*, *Stephen Girard*, &c.
4. *The Captain*, a br. c. 3 yrs. old, full brother to Caroline Scott.
5. *Grey Eagle* will also be offered for sale. The propietors reserve the interest held by their former owner in the nominations of the last two colts.

Terms of sale, a credit of four months for negotiable paper. Extended pedigrees will be given on the day of sale. S. J. GANO and others.

[my11—4t]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street. [A6]

JOHN DAN AND CRAZYWSOBILL.

JOHN DAWSON was got by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie—g. dam by Berry's Medley—g. g. dam by Old Truxton—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Mousetrap. Grey Archie was got by Old Archie, his dam by Pacolet—g. dam by Wonder, and he by Imp. Diomed. John Dawson will stand for mares the present season at the stable of FRANCIS GORDON, one mile from Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn., at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. John Dawson is a deep bay, full 16 hands high, 9 years old this Spring.

CRAZY BILL was got by Imp. Leviathan, his dam by Clay's Sir William—g. dam by Pacolet—g. g. dam by Imp. Sterling—g. g. g. dam by Medley. Crazy Bill is a chesnut, full fifteen hands high, and 6 years old this Spring. He will stand the present season one half of his time at my stable, in Dallas County, 12 miles above Selma, and the other half at DANIEL KIRKLAND'S, in Autauga County, Alabama, and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. R. B. HARRISON.

Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala. March 9, 1839.—[M30-3m]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having opened the above house on the *European plan*, are now ready to accommodate their friends and the public in superior style. The house is furnished with every convenience, and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging-rooms are airy, and well furnished, and in perfect order; the ordinary is spacious, neat, convenient and well-furnished; and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords, served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen visiting the city will find this a most desirable and central situation, being nearly on Broadway, fronting the Park; and, in short, concentrates the beauty and elegance of local and transitory objects of attraction and splendor with which New York abounds.

EDSALL & JONES.

N.B.—For the accommodation of travellers, this house will be open at all hours of the [Mar16-tf.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union [d17

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 1—Last night of the engagement of Monsieur and Madame TAGLIONI, on which occasion will be performed the Ballet of LE BAL MASQUE, in which Mons. and Madame Taglioni will appear in different characters, and dance *Le Pas Hongrois*, the celebrated *Cachucha*, and *Le Pas Styrien*, as originally danced by Mons. and Madame Taglioni, in the Opera of Gustavus, in Paris—with the Petit Comedy of TOM NODDY'S SECRET—and the drama of LUCILLE; OR, THE STORY OF A HEART.

MONDAY, June 3—Madame TAGLIONI'S Benefit.

TUESDAY, June 4—Mr. JONES' Benefit.

WEDNESDAY, June 5—Miss TREE'S first appearance.

THURSDAY, June 6—Miss TREE'S second appearance.

FRIDAY, June 7—Miss TREE'S third appearance.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 1—The Comedy of WILD OATS; Rover, Mr. Browne—to conclude with the farce of RAISING THE WIND; Jeremy Diddler, Mr. Browne.

MONDAY, June 3—A play, with other entertainments, in which Mr. Browne will perform, being the last night of his appearance.

TUESDAY, June 4—A play, with other entertainments, of which due notice will be given.

WEDNESDAY, June 5—For the benefit of Mr. BLAKELEY, when will be produced the opera of ROSINA, in which Mrs. BAILEY, will appear. A variety of other entertainments, to be followed by the popular farce of LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS—after which, the celebrated Brass Band having kindly volunteered, will appear and perform several popular airs—to conclude with (by desire) the highly popular drama of OTHELLO TRAVESTIE; Othello, Mr. Blakeley, Iago, Mr. Mitchell.

THURSDAY, June 6—Will be produced the grand opera of LA GAZZA LADRA; OR, THE MAID OF PALAISEAU; Annette, Miss SHIRREFF; Albert, Mr. WILSON; Monville, Mr. SEGUIN; Felix, Mrs. BAILEY; Lenoir, Mr. MORLEY; Mareel, Mr. HORNCASTLE.

MR. JONES' LAST BENEFIT AT THE PARK.

MR. JONES respectfully informs his frlends and the public that his last benefit at the Park will take place on Tuesday, June 4th, when he has the pleasure of announcing that Madame OTTO will make her first appearance in New York, since her return from Europe, in the opera of DER FREISCHUTZ; Linda, Madame Otto; Adolph, Mr. Jones. in the course of the evening a variety of singing; to conclude with a favorite musical piece, in which Madame Otto and Mr. Jones will appear.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the above establishment, under the present management, are particularly requested to present the same, daily, at the Box Office between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., for adjustment. The box book is now open, and seats can be secured.

WM. M'KINNEY.

May 1, 1839.—[m4tf]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—The *Taglionis* have been running a triumphant career at this house, since our last notice of their success. There is no excellence in the dancing of either of the admired strangers, so rare as to call for extraordinary applause. Simply, we have seen the parallel of each upon the boards of the Park. But the attraction of the two combined, in a ballet so pure and beautiful, and celebrated, as is "La Sylphide," is the best card which the manager has held these many months. The taste of the groundlings, (bless us, but our friends of the Albion have espoused this party for once!) leans decidedly towards Taglioni, the male, and not his graceful wife. To us this appears a rank heresy; in our opinion the true judgment is this;—Madame Paul Taglioni dances with ease and grace, and in finished style; while the excellence of her husband consists rather in his remarkable activity, and his muscular power He would appear to have been educated in a school which made anything but grace, simple grace, the fundamental principle of the system. Or, perhaps, he may have through indolence, departed from the lessons derived from his father, who is esteemed the head of a school in dancing, which acknowledges grace as the prominent excellence. Were we to say to our city readers that he is surpassed in gracefulness, if not in execution, by his immediate predecessor, MARTIN, they would probably wonder at our ignorance, and deplore our stupidity. But such, nevertheless, is our opinion. (Don't mention this, pray, about town, for it may seriously injure us!) But of Madame Taglioni, we hear little diversity of opinion; she is allowed on all hands to be a *danseuse* of cleverness,—a decidedly "fine creature."

We have been betrayed, above, into an accidental comparison of the pretensions of two or three of the dancers who have at times appeared before us. It was not our intention to allow our feelings thus to get the better of our discretion. But to pursue the comparison we positively have no time this week, and therefore we shall give no more offence in this paragraph, though we do burn to array side by side, the pretensions, and the merits, of two or three artistes now in this country, who undoubtedly bear away the palm from any who have preceded them, on this side of the Atlantic.

Let us conclude by advising every gentleman, who has the taste to appreciate a clever woman, and admire fine dancing, to provide himself with a ticket (*nay, tickets*) for the benefit of Madame Taglioni on Monday next. She truly deserves a bumper for her trying, her arduous, labours of the past week.

Next Tuesday evening Mr. JONES takes a farewell benefit at the Park, or rather, his last benefit. Madame OTTO sings for him, in the part of *Linda*, in "Der Freischutz," and will be welcomed warmly upon her return from the South. Mr. Jones will be a great loss to the Park. We wish him all possible success at his benefit, and call upon lovers of music to attend. We announced it prematurely last week.

Miss TREE opens on Wednesday, and refreshing will it be to witness once again her charming personations. She has been away from us for a weary while, going from city to city, and from conquest to conquest, in the far West and far South—the most venturous heroine upon the stage. Her silver voice rings in our ear at the very writing of her name, though we have not heard it, save in imagination, for months and months.

Mr. BALLS, too, has returned to town, after a short, but profitable excursion West. He plays with Miss Tree on Wednesday, and henceforth the revival of business at the Park will not be deemed a temporary outbreak, but as the certain evidence that the tide of popular feeling, which has set against it for a while, is now flowing in the opposite direction. Go ahead, say we, with heart and soul. Novelty upon novelty should be the order of the day, and the brilliancy of the close of the season will make every amends for the reverses of the winter.

Can we not see AUGUSTA again at this house before her departure for Europe? If but for a single night, it would be delightful once more to enjoy the flashing of her soft and matchless eyes, and read of heaven in the witchery of her smile and mouth. A benefit before her departure would be thronged with fashion, but we have no room but for the simple suggestion.

The National.—No change yet up here. They suspended their opera last evening to give BROWNE an engagement, and the vocalists time to get perfect in "La Gazza Ladra," which is announced as to be produced positively on Thursday next. It it be but well done, it will surpass all its predecessors in public favor.

As we found it rather wearisome and difficult to get back from Trenton races each day in season to witness the performances at this house, we gave up the attempt after one trial; this must account to our readers for this brief notice.

A friend, who was present at Mr. DWYER'S benefit, thus speaks of it:—

Mr. Dwyer appeared as *Falstaff*, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," on Thursday night, at the National, and though but indifferently supported, was very favorably received by the audience. At the conclusion of the piece he was loudly called for, and acknowledged the compliment in a manner that elicited renewed tokens of applause from all parts of the house.

The friends of BURTON and FREER are giving themselves quite too much trouble about the hit which the "Sunday Times" gave them. We cannot imagine that the attack will do them the least harm, and would they take our advice, the subject should be dropped at once. But Mr. Freer has come out in the Boston papers, and nailed the lie in regard to himself; Burton did the same thing years ago, in New York. But the friends of the gentlemen are not yet satisfied with blowing up the London editors, and we are asked to assist them to one blast more, which will definitely settle the matter.

Seriously would we advise the friends of both gentlemen to say nothing more of the business. Nobody cares two straws whether the accusations be true or false, and as each has denied and *proved* their *falsity*, it is idle to keep the matter longer before the public.

It is somewhat unnecessary in the London writers to tell us that Mr. Burton is not a great actor, considering that they have not seen him for many years. Kean was the rejected outcast of an obscure strolling company, and within a few days' passage, ranked as the brightest star in the theatrical hemisphere. Mr. Burton is now allowed to be a comedian of the highest grade; but before he quitted London he had gained much reputation. Leigh Hunt, a critic of some standing, declared that the hopes of the legitimate comedy rested upon him, and Fonblanque, of the Examiner, declared his *Marrall* to be as fine a performance as Kean's *Sir Giles Overreach;* this was when Burton played at the Haymarket theatre, where he filled Mr. Liston's line of characters with a success not since approached.

The senseless cry of "imitation" has long been the curse of every popular comedian. Mr. Burton has been accused of imitating John Reeve. This is the most senseless charge ever made; the parts in which Mr. B. most excels are such as John Reeve never attempted,—Old Revel, Wormwood, Guy Goodluck, in John Jones, Sudden, in Second Thoughts, Farmer Ashfield, Ollapod, &c. Both actors played the Mummy, but there could be no imitation in the case, for the piece was produced at the two theatres at the same time. Let us hear nothing more, then, of a slander, contemptible on every account, and not least, because it labors to injure a man as an actor whom all admire here, and who has not been seen by his traducers for many years.

CARADORI ALLAN gave a farewell concert at Cincinnati the 25th of May. She has no assistance whatever, but her songs, which are selected with great taste, do not fail to bring the most enthusiastic houses. They never before heard such music as she can discourse, nor, indeed, has she ever been surpassed in this country for sweetness and brilliancy. She must have an engagement somewhere before she leaves town.

FORREST, by the last accounts, was closing at St. Louis. His houses have been tremendous, and he has played his whole line of characters there.

WEMYSS, of the Philadelphia "Walnut-street" theatre, opened the Pittsburg theatre on the 13th of May with BALLS. Balls had never before been seen there, and made a great hit. The people flocked to see him on his benefit night, and he was called for, and had to make a speech.

The Bedouin Arabs succeeded to Balls, and they, too, drew good houses. Last Saturday night BOOTH began, and had a house crammed to the very ceiling. He, again, is to be followed by the SLOMANS, who open on the 10th inst. and they by Mr. FORREST, who appears on the 20th. Wemyss is indeed going ahead, and will be likely to make the Pittsburg one of the most popular of the provincial theatres.

ABBOTT has closed at Charleston, and in conjunction with WARD, opens the Holliday-street, at Baltimore, on Wednesday next, June 5th. Burton is the first star.

RUSSELL, of the Norfolk theatre, has had a paper war with the elaborate GEORGE JONES, of Shakspeare celebrity. George walked in and reaped the harvest of Russell's pioneering, in the proprietary of the new theatre about to be erected. George's modesty has been well developed. OXLEY has been successful there.

The Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, has been doing but a poor business since Augusta left. The "School for Scandal" has been produced, but with a weak cast. Mrs. SHARPE was the only creditable delineator.

The Walnut-street theatre has had a good run. BURTON and SEFTON are playing an engagement there of six nights.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

As our readers may be curious to know something of the reception of BLAKE (WM. R.) in England, we copy from the London "Morning Post" of April 24th., the only notice we have seen of him. Blake is a well known favourite here,—we last saw him playing *Sam Weller*, at the Park theatre, but since that time he has managed the Franklin, we believe. In London he played at the Haymarket.

Last evening Mr. W. R. Blake, an American actor of some celebrity on the other side of the Atlantic, formerly at the Park Theatre, and since a manager himself, made his first appearance before an English audience in the farce of "Three and the Deuce," in which he played the part of the three *Singles*. Nobody has ever yet done justice to these characters—*tria juncta in uno*—save Elliston; and even he *ought* not to have done what he did, for his justice was *injustice* in this sense, that the part never deserved the acting. The whole farce is to our mind meretricious, egotistic, and disgusting, requiring such a combination of impudence, self-possession, devilry, and display—with so much showing off of accomplishments besides—as one actor can scarcely have breath to bustle through, much less genuine natural *physique* to work out. Elliston did it in the exuberance of his genius; but even he was obliged to invest the idiot with so much natural pathos that ridicule and humour became lost in pain and sympathy, and the audience paid tribute to the nature of the actor, without regarding the disgusting scoff of the farce. Mr. Blake did not play the part so well as Elliston, but he nevertheless did his work creditably, and has in him powers for sharp, brisk, expressive acting. He was well received at first, but as the piece grew tedious, and he, we cannot help thinking, rather nervous, some signs of disapprobation were manifested, which, we need hardly say, did not tend to enliven his performance. We should like to see Mr. Blake in some more propitious part. He has a good stage face, and evinced more talent than the audience seemed inclined to give him credit for—at last. In fact he gave the impression of a good actor playing under disadvantages, and nervous besides, as being an American performing for the first time before an English audience. By the way, we should mention that the Haymarket appeared last night

"In taffeta flame coloured,"

the lesse having illuminated the front of the house with the name of "Shakspeare," in large letters, in honour of the immortal poet whose birth-night it was. Mr. Webster is the first manager who has chosen this mode of paying tribute to the memory of our national dramatist.

The Renters of Drury Lane Theatre, are making Mr. BUNN'S berth, as manager, a little warm for him. They do not deem to have received over much of their rent, for a few years past, and now *feelingly* regret the base uses to which their property has been put. The following is from the London "Courier."

State of Drury-Lane Theatre.—A meeting of the renters of this theatre took place on Monday, at the rooms of G. Robins, Esq., to take into consideration the best means to be adopted for obtaining their rent. The Chairman, Mr. G. Robins, said that he had prepared himself to expect the result of the mismanagement, and consequent misfortunes that now pressed so heavy on Drury-lane; but he confessed he had not brought his mind to believe that this legitimate theatre, wherein Garrick, Kemble, and Siddons had combined, should be disgraced by becoming the receptacle of horses and wild beasts;—but, worst of all, he never expected that in the very heart of the season it should have been converted into a *one* shilling concert-room—lower in the scale of degradation it could not sink. It was intended to move certain resolutions, one of which was to raise a fund to be fully prepared for any contingency, and to enable them to establish their rights, and obtain their own.

Captain Carpenter observed that the renters had not for the last three years received one penny. Mr. Waring proposed "that a committee of ten be appointed, and that the renters be called on to advance, by way of loan, £1 on every share." The resolutions were passed without a dissenting voice, and a committee appointed. The meeting adjourned till Monday, the 6th of May, when it will again assemble to receive the report of the committee. A renter stated, that Bunn, the lessee, would not belong to it many days.

That we may put our readers in possession of all that we know of English theatricals, we give them at once the following notices of Opera and the Drama, condensed from London daily papers.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The "Gazza Ladra" has again brought the matchless "four" before the public. Grisi was enchanting. We were delighted to see the vast Lablache again restored to perfect health; his fine humor is unabated, and his portraiture of the Podesta was perfection. Tamburini, with his noble tones and manly sterling style of singing, produced the same excellent effect as heretofore, in the character of the father. Rubini, in sweetness and tenderness who shall compete with him! The part of Pippo was assumed by a debutante, Mlle. Detmer; her face is not unpleasing, nor is her figure bad. Her lower notes are good, but she appears to possess but limited strength and compass. We observed none of the agitation which often attends a first appearance. On the fall of the curtain, the quartet was called for to receive anew the plaudits of the audience.

One of the most perfect performances we ever attended was for the benefit of Mlle. Herminie Elssler. It was the first performance this season of one of the very best of Donizetti's operas, "Lucia di Lammermoor," ushered in by Persiani, Rubini, and Tamburini, with a fervor which led them to surpass themselves in voice and execution. Tamburini was evidently laboring under a cold; yet, with the ready talent of a great artist, he eluded, by a dexterous sleight of voice, the veiled notes, and in "Cru da funesta smania," produced effects so new as to elicit frequent bursts of applause. Of Persiani and Rubini's exertions we cannot speak too highly. The second act of the "Puritani" succeeded, when we were happy to find Lablache restored once more to his ordinary magnificence of voice. He and Tamburini had their usual encores. The audience of the Opera would seem to have divided into two parties, the Grisites and the Persianites; and perhaps it is this that prevents our hearing exquisite talents of such different styles combine their powers in the same pieces. The evening's performances concluded with a very pretty and lively new divertissement, which does credit to M. Guerra's superintendence of the ballet department. It is entitled "Une Nuit de Bal."

COVENT GARDEN.—Miss Helen Faucit took her benefit at this theatre on Thursday, when the comedy of "As You Like It" was performed for the first time from the text of Shakspeare, to a house crowded in every part. Macready played Jacques, and, dispensing with the absurd anomaly which has been perpetrated in all former enactments of this part—namely, the appropriating of other men's speeches to make it effective—he gave only the true and literal reading of Shakspeare, investing it with a simple and dignified interpretation, without any of the meretricious aids which have so often turned description into mimicry, for the sake of display. Miss Faucit gave the part of Rosalind with great cleverness, throwing much spirit and *naiveté* into her acting, and speaking the epilogue with the most lively archness and expression. She was loudly called for, and warmly complimented at the fall of the curtain. Macready was also called for for several minutes, and was at last obliged to come forward and make his bow *en gentilhomme*, in plain clothes. A rattling little farce, by Mr. Morton, jun., entitled "Sayings and Doings, or the Rule of Contrary," was played for the first time with perfect success.

A new dramatic romance, called "Agnes Bernauer, or the Secret Tribunal," was produced at this theatre on Saturday night, and repeated last night with great applause. The genuine tone of the old romance pervades it. The recollection is brought back upon us of the time when our nerves thrilled over the pages of "Herman of Unna," "Horrid Mysteries," and other legends of those secret avengers, with the dark spirit of whose doings Scott made an intellectual attempt to cope in his "Anne of Geierstein." Every scene is effective; most of them grandly so. They form a succession of superb tableaux, amongst which may be mentioned the *fete* in the environs of Augsburg, the gorgeous tournament in the great square, under the shadow of the Cathedral, the river and bridge by moonlight. The full house to which this drama was produced on Saturday night, when the performances were for the benefit of Miss P. Horton, bore honorable testimony of the extent to which her exquisite personations of Ariel in the "Tempest," and the Fool in "King Lear," are appreciated by the public. They have established for her a high and lasting reputation. The Tempest was the play of the evening, and never did a more "delicate Ariel" do the "spiriting gently" of the Prospero, whose magic, as the Demiurgus of the scene, is the power of art over the senses, and as the individual personator, tis that of poetical conception and unerring execution over the intellect and feelings. One after another, the great dramas of Shakspeare, as embodied to the perceptions by the genius of Mr. Macready, are being presented for the last time at Covent Garden theatre. A time must come for discussing the evils of the system which has rendered unavailing the public enthusiasm for the national drama, so rapidly called into existence by the present management of this theatre. We can now only regret the approaching untimely interruption of the highest and most intense enjoyment that even the "myriad minded bard" has ever afforded in the proper region of his own dominion, the theatre. The programme of the "final arrangements" of the "present management" of Covent Garden theatre blends shadows of wistful regret with the highest splendors, now first attained, of the Shakspearean drama.

Many English noblemen have married ladies from the stage, naturally desirous of perpetuating the breed of noble bloods, by intermarrying with the finest women in the world. Not long since, a list of such alliances, appeared in these columns, and among them the case of the EARL of ESSEX was mentioned. He married Miss STEPHENS, a distinguished vocalist, not more famed for her vocal abilities than for her virtues and amiable qualities of mind. By a late paper we learn that the Earl died on the 23d of April last. The following notice of him is from the "Morning Post:"

The death of this highly-respected nobleman took place rather suddenly on Tuesday morning, at half-past ten o'clock. We are informed that, shortly before the decease of the Noble Earl, he complained of a difficulty in breathing, when a medical gentlemen was immediately sent for, but before his arrival the Earl breathed his last in the arms of his Countess. The late George Capel Coningsby, Earl of Essex, Viscount Malden, in the county of Essex, and Baron Capel, of Hadham, in the county of Hertford, in the Peerage of England, was born Nov. 13, 1757, and succeeded to the title the 5th of March, 1799. His Lordship had been married twice; first, in June, 1786, to Mrs. Sarah Stevenson, widow of Mr. Edward Stevenson, and daughter of Mr. Henry Bazett, who died early in the past year. A few months after the death of the above lady, from whom the late Earl had been separated for some years, the Noble Earl married Miss Stephens, the distinguished vocalist, who was introduced on her marriage, by the Marchioness of Tavistock, at the Drawing Room on the 21st of June, 1838, and was subsequently present at the Coronation of the Queen as Countess of Essex. The late Earl was a commissioner of the metropolitan roads, Recorder and High Steward of Leominster, and a D. C. L. and F. S. A. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his nephew, Mr. Algernon Capel [now Earl of Essex], who was born Feb. 28, 1803, and married, the 14th of July, 1825, the Lady Caroline Beauclerk, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Duke of St. Alban's, by whom he has a numerous family.

We said something last week of the rapturous welcome which the Londoners recently gave GRISI, upon her return from the continent. Hardly less *empressement* has been shown towards PERSIANI, a sketch of whose career recently enriched our pages. The following is from a journal of the highest *caste* in the English fashionable world.

The whole burden of the performance last night fell upon Madame PERSIANI, who came forth amidst the warmest applause. Her health appears much improved since we had seen her last, which enabled her to add to the finish and exquisite delicacy of her singing a breadth and power of execution we never witnessed in her before. She executed her *morceaux* with the boldness and precision with which PAGANINI might perform them on his violin, adding to this all the impassioned tone and expression of which the human voice is capable. In her first air, "Comé per me Sereno," there was a playfulness and sweetness which held the whole audience in silent delight; but in the last *scena*, after the *preghiera*, uttered with heart-moving simplicity, she burst forth in the "Ah giunge" with an effect which was perfectly electrical in the power it exerted over her hearers. Her embellishments were without number, varied and rapid as the thoughts of a composer in a fit of inspiration; yet never overcharging the theme, which appeared given to her merely as a thread on which her own gems were to be strung. This *finale* of the opera was received with a *furore* of applause, which on the fall of the curtain, was renewed until she reappeared on the stage amidst the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and acclamations more common in the latitude of Naples than in that of London.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

The "Spirit of the Times" was established by its present Editor Dec. 10, 1831; the *Old Series* contained Five Volumes. On the 20th Feb., 1836, a *New Series* was commenced which closed on the 23d of Feb., 1839, comprising Three Volumes; a very few copies of the last two may be had bound at the Office, or they will be sent in sheets to order through the Mail.

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